

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,565 Vol. 98.

24 December 1904.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There has been much news from Port Arthur: a long account from General Stössel of the siege from 20 November to the taking of 203 Mètre Hill; a terribly descriptive picture of the slaughter from a Russian officer who got through to Chifu; and a conciser account from official telegrams of the capture by the Japanese of the important Kikwan Fort in a midnight attack of the 18th. It is not wholly unnatural that General Stössel's account should contain a more meagre description of the loss of the hill than of the previous successes in repulsing the Japanese. The immense loss of life which the Japanese suffered in their failures must in all its terrible features have dominated the sense of the fighters. The capture of Kikwan fort was chiefly accomplished by successful sapping and mining, though the fighting is described as more savage than any during the siege. The exploding of the mines made three breaches in the forts, and two volunteer bodies of Japanese, who marked themselves with badges of their vow, forced an entrance, after the first had suffered severely from charging before the explosions were complete. Five 8·7 guns and a large amount of ammunition were captured with the fort. The loss of life seems not to have been great, as loss is reckoned in this war. The Japanese lost "only four hundred". Some less important captures of a portion of the heights of the peninsula in Pigeon Bay were made on 5 and 7 December.

The commission on the North Sea incident, delayed a day by the vagaries of the American admiral, held their first meeting on Thursday at Paris, and selected Admiral von Spaun of the Austrian navy as fifth commissioner. For the judgment of Paris we shall have to wait some time; and the first meeting is adjourned to 9 January. Admiral Fournier is selected as president for the time. Though some evidence has been published prematurely, there is still more to be collected. Captain Klado in a very un-Russian manner has been bestowing confidences on Parisian journalists, and many imaginative and humorous stories have been

circulated on the more secretive efforts of Russian agents at Hull. It is sincerely to be hoped that the case of the "Caroline" is unique. On the face of things it should have been more difficult for the Russians than for any other Power to get a torpedo-boat out of English yards. Yet this was done; and the agents may be excused for proceeding to an a fortiori argument.

The Admiralty issued on Wednesday a curious little manifesto, in the form of a warning, in reality an apology, on the subject of the "Caroline". They announced that the Foreign Office not the Admiralty were responsible for the carrying out of the Foreign Enlistment Act. In the case of the "Caroline" the Government by their writ against the purchasers have decided that the act was contraband. By their omission to take out a writ against Messrs. Yarrow they have negatively established the assumption that Messrs. Yarrow the sellers are not culpable. Messrs. Yarrow are not guilty because they gave warning to the Admiralty. What have the Admiralty to say for not forwarding that information? But, wherever the responsibility, there is the fact established that a torpedo-boat in the making went out from the Thames about the time of the Dogger Bank incident. Clearly the fact must be of weight in the Russian case, and may have real influence on the subsequent judgment, which is likely to be of the nature of a finding rather than a verdict.

If the "Matin" is to be believed, the latest ministerial council held in S. Petersburg was something of a set duel between the two great political parties. Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, taken as representative of the reformers, selected as the first of necessary reforms "the freedom of the press, the abolition of passports and the admission to the council of the Empire of elected representatives of the Zemstvos". On behalf of the party, which by a gross begging of the question the Englishman labels reactionary, it was urged by the Minister of Finance that the Government would be greatly handicapped if the Tsar's autocracy was in any way dependent on a popular vote of supplies, which would lead to "the suppression of the Imperial will and the reign of demagoguery". The council may have had a very interesting meeting and discussed these things just as the "Matin" describes; but that Russia will introduce, in the middle of a war, any serious change in her political constitution is not a serious proposition. The question of passports and the freedom of the press is on another plane; but even here the existence of a single



Imperial will implies that any expression of disloyal disobedience to that will in affairs of State cannot be tolerated. In these things it is only the degree of freedom which is at issue and that is more or less a departmental concern.

The dismissal by the Sultan of Morocco of his European advisers is no doubt a direct consequence of the Anglo-French agreement. In the past the Sultan, under the stimulus of a particular friendship, felt a considerable attraction to English people, which has been marked in serious as well as in more or less ridiculous details. He has asked travellers, who might almost be called trippers, up to his palace, where among other amusements he has played many games of billiards with them; and if they permitted themselves to be beaten, he has further given them great privileges for further travel. It would have been strange if this marked attention to foreigners, associated with many changes in social and political usage, had been popular; and the calm settlement of Moorish affairs between France and England, without consultation with the Sultan, has naturally strengthened what we are pleased to call the policy of reaction. The effect on Morocco is unfortunate. The brigand Raisuli has himself become a small sultan. His dominion now includes the very suburbs of Tangier, where many French merchants, who rushed there to benefit by the first fruits of pacific penetration, find themselves less likely to penetrate than to be temporarily absorbed. The neighbourhood is full of rumours. Alcazar is said to be surrounded by tribesmen, and there are reports of friction between the Sultan and his ministers as well as between the Sultan and France.

Austria, Russia, France, Great Britain and Italy on Sunday delivered a collective note to the Porte demanding that the list of European officers of the Macedonian gendarmerie be at once increased. The demand was accompanied by a threat of "new measures" unless the Porte showed prompt obedience. The Sultan will doubtless profess prompt obedience, however little he may enjoy having his provinces policed by a jealous combination of cosmopolitan officials. The Russo-Austrian scheme depends for its success entirely on the efficiency of this international police, and in present conditions the one hope for comparative peace in the Balkans is that, so far as the form of its constitution allows, it should be established before the spring.

Last week's fiasco of the premature democracy in Hungary has had its natural sequel. Count Tisza at once journeyed to Vienna and obtained leave for a dissolution, which will be personally pronounced by the King in the first week in January. It is a function which the King-Emperor has performed during his reign more often than enthusiasts for representative government will care to count. The Opposition, perhaps conscious of some belated shame, appear to be a little afraid of the public verdict on the mock gallows and other ragging in the Chamber: and Count Andrassy is urging the wisdom of some arrangement between the two parties. He suggests a compromise between Count Tisza's more drastic closure regulations and early suggestions for a reform of procedure. But his offer is not likely to be very eagerly embraced while he associates it with the substitution of another premier. Count Tisza is at any rate a strong man, and has sufficient good sense to see that factious obstruction, tempered by pistols, mock gallows or even long speeches, is fatal to constitutional government, unless restrained by some measure of autocracy.

Canada has at last determined to take a share in the cost of Imperial Defence by contributing to the Navy in kind rather than in cash. By an arrangement entered into between the Colonial and the Imperial Governments, to which legislative effect will be given in the first session of the new Dominion Parliament, Canada will make herself responsible for the hydrographic surveys now conducted by the Admiralty, will build three cruisers for the Naval Militia, to be stationed

one in the Atlantic, one in the Pacific and one in the Great Lakes, and in addition will assume the duty of garri-soning and manning Halifax and Esquimaux. Canada will thus make a beginning with a local navy which will give her what Australia already possesses, but it is understood she will not repeat the Australian mistake of stipulating that her local fleet shall be kept in local waters. She recognises that it will probably be of service in proportion to its mobility. Imperial defence can never be a purely local affair. Canada in other words proposes to place her navy unreservedly at the disposal of the Admiralty. According to Mr. Prefontaine, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, the colonists can well afford to assume this new responsibility and do not wish to be a burden on the British taxpayer any longer or to any greater extent than is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Olivier's report on the island of Jamaica, outside its own intrinsic interest, suggests one agreeable feature in our public service. Mr. Olivier was one of the most extreme socialists of that startlingly clever group of men who contributed to the Fabian essays. His eminence in the school of thought would certainly in most countries have debarred him from the hope of any official appointment till his own party came into power. It is not too much to say that the ability which he proclaimed as a Fabian was one reason why he was appointed Governor of Jamaica. In spite of the extent of prejudice and undue influence in particular services, it is a legitimate source of national pride that this selection for imperial civil service has been generally dictated by merit. Mr. Olivier's report is largely occupied with the effects of the terrible hurricane of last year—a storm comparable with that described by Alexander Hamilton—but the island seems to have made good the ravages by the force of a doubled energy; indeed in many directions, though the damage is reckoned at £2,500,000, actual good seems to have resulted. His admiration for the qualities of the Indian immigrants is refreshing, who, he suggests, should be given land in lieu of return tickets.

One of the most unsatisfactory features of the drastic proposals of the Esher Committee was the loss of Sir William Nicholson as Director-General of Mobilisation and Intelligence, although some of his confrères at that time might well have been spared. He has now been appointed Governor-General of Gibraltar in succession to Sir George White—one can hardly imagine a greater contrast—and, from Mr. Arnold-Forster's point of view, this may be an excellent plan, as it will have the effect of keeping away from Pall Mall for some time to come a man who could not conveniently be muzzled. But from a national point of view it is lamentable that one of the few really intellectual soldiers we possess on the active list should be lost to the supreme council of the army and buried at Gibraltar. Sir Ian Hamilton is also to succeed Sir Evelyn Wood at Salisbury, where we hope that he will be a greater success than he was as Quartermaster-General.

Limehouse has been twice blessed: within a week it has heard apparently with similar enthusiasm the most representative pair of authorities on free trade and protection, in the matter both of live and dead imports. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made and intended to make a debating speech; and was as negative as debaters are apt to be. He spoke of Mr. Chamberlain's "audacity" in proposing to exclude aliens from London and introduce them into Africa. To take no more essential point, a terribly over-populated spot and a very sparsely inhabited region are hardly likely to have the same attitude towards alien immigration. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's alternative is to exclude only the criminal and diseased. East London has a more practical idea of its own need than Sir Henry. Without suggesting any argument for the assertion, he told his audience that protection would send up rents. We do not altogether deny that protection may increase the value of property, but it is beyond all denial that nothing would more effectively check sweating in rents than the liberation of East London from the influx of

foreign paupers, who overcrowd in a worse degree than the natives.

How can it be drilled into the head of the public that, in the vast majority of cases, political leaders employ personalities against one another merely in order to keep up the spirits of their supporters? It has been so for many years—it was never more so than to-day. Personality in party politics is, thanks to this excessive innocence on the part of the public, an effective arm. There are one or two political leaders of to-day who are—we hardly know how to put it; shall we say—too gentlemanly to resort to personality; and they lose with the mob thereby. Mr. Asquith must be impressed indeed by the value of personalities, for apparently when his own store of them gets very low he draws from the public press. He confessed in his speech this week that his description of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour as footpads was not even his own—he drew it from one of the newspapers! If he hunts for his gibes and personalities in the leading articles, we suppose that he will be seeking arguments there too. It used to be said of Mr. Asquith's speeches that they smelt a little of the lamp: perhaps in future they will smell, instead, of the morning paper.

Wednesday was the centenary of Disraeli's birthday. Elsewhere we recall the fact that Acton was strongly inclined to regard Disraeli as the greatest Jewish administrator since Joseph. It was Acton, who in one of his letters to Miss Mary Gladstone drew a singularly interesting parallel between Disraeli and Stahl. He considered Stahl the greatest reasoner for the Conservative cause who ever lived—high above Disraeli in subtlety of intellect; and we have heard the great Prussian—a converted Jew—eulogised in terms not less glowing by one of the best and most experienced of living historians. Stahl, like Disraeli, was an adventurer. But he never had chances comparable with Disraeli's. He led the Conservatives and aristocrats of Prussia for about ten years and was never in power.

The Lewes magistrates have tried to let Mr. Justice Grantham down as easily as possible. They have as it were split the difference between the parties. The Judge has not complied with some of the bye-laws but he did not intend to refuse compliance with them and part of the misconception was due to the Chailey District Council itself. They hope that some arrangement may be come to which will prevent the disagreeable necessity to them of finding Mr. Justice Grantham guilty, but if they are pressed by the District Council to do so they cannot escape from the consequence of their findings. Apparently Mr. Justice Grantham intends to treat the findings as a decision in his favour; and if he is prevented from going on with his building will have the whole matter brought before the High Court. The whole affair is really too much of a personal squabble to be important. Mr. Justice Grantham was mistaken in supposing he was fighting bye-laws not adapted for rural building. They are the rural code devised by Mr. Long. So that if he ultimately won, it would only be a victory on a personal question. Cooler heads than Mr. Justice Grantham's are needed to direct the movement for introducing a better system of rural bye-laws.

The meeting of the unemployed held in Trafalgar Square on Sunday urged the necessity of public municipal works and a national organisation of the unemployed. Admittedly this is an idea growing steadily in the minds of all who consider the problem; but it seems at present that the immediate distress is so great that charity in the more restricted sense is the only means by which it can be alleviated. Municipal authorities have doubtless been stirred to action in finding work, but what is a municipality such as West Ham to do which has as many as fifty thousand people on the verge of starvation and cannot raise money even for ordinary public works? Then the Central London Unemployed Committee have made arrangements to prepare 250 acres of land near Epsom for a county lunatic asylum which may employ between

five hundred and a thousand men after 2 January. But what is this in comparison with the numbers out of work? It almost seems as trifling as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's anxiety about starving men not losing the franchise. These schemes will doubtless play an important part as preliminary experiments when the time comes for a State organisation of labour, but men cannot live in the meantime on experiments. In presence of such widespread poverty and the impossibility of relieving it except by ready money it seems that there is too little coming in to the funds to be administered by the central committee in London. Comparatively large sums come from few people, but what is wanting is wider and more general contributions. In fact it is not sufficiently realised that we are in the midst of what may almost be termed a famine amongst large masses of the people in London.

The accident on the Great Central at Aylesbury on Friday morning is one of those events of which there is a presentiment at Christmas-time. Our feeling is no doubt acuter from the fact that so many are contemplating journeys of pleasure. How many will exclaim "Aylesbury—and I should have had to pass through!" The accident was due to a London newspaper express train leaving the rails owing to their slipperiness and being run into by a train from Manchester. Two employes of the company were the only passengers, and they and the fireman were killed and others were severely injured. It is clear from the wrecking of the carriages that, if there had been many passengers, few could have escaped.

But we cannot go the lengths of Canon McAlpine, who, from his remarks to a meeting of unemployed in Connemara, may be judged to possess some of the Keltic qualities belonging to the famous Dinas Vawr. The Irishman told his people that they would be fools to starve with "fat sheep grazing on the hillsides or sleek kine browsing on the plain". What did the Kymric war song boast?

"The mountain sheep were sweeter,
But the valley sheep were fatter;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter".

And the reasons alleged for the excuse had a rarity similar to Canon McAlpine's.

At the Royal Statistical Society on Tuesday Mr. L. L. Price, Treasurer of Oriel, read a highly informed paper on Oxford College revenues. For a child in finance Mr. Price handles figures with remarkable ease. He declared that it was hardly an exaggeration to say that between 1883 and 1903 the Oxford Colleges as a whole had sustained a loss of between a third or a fourth of their agricultural revenues. In some districts in the South of England, purely arable, we are sure that the College has been hit harder than this. A reduction in rent equal to fifty per cent. is not a singular case. Perhaps some of the wealthier colleges have not managed their investments as skilfully as they might. There was one which through the aid of a clever man of business outside Oxford was saved not long ago a sum of over five thousand pounds through an investment being realised in time—and it is said that had the bursar made up his mind to cut short his summer holiday, this sum would have been two thousand pounds larger.

If we had schools of rhetoric on the Athenian plan, no better test could be put to examination students than to compose a speech on the occasion of the opening of a free library. In an order of merit Lord Rosebery and Mr. Morley—unless Mr. Morley were there unaccompanied—would probably come out alone in the first class and the Government would beyond all question be outclassed by the Opposition. Perhaps Mr. Morley has never shown greater skill than at Plumstead. We do not know that he said anything very new, though it is a bold thing—if for no other reason than that Mr. Hall Caine has been saying the same—to maintain that novels and newspapers are valuable reading if you read them in

the right way. As a general principle the right rule is to skip freely anything untested by time. But in such speeches, as was said of the writing of novels, "la façon, c'est tout"; and Mr. Morley can make even a platitude please. Perhaps the reason is that at least in literary references his philosophy has gone behind the platitude. Mr. Hall Caine's has not. The end of the speech, with something of the splendour of the peroration, was a remarkable piece of rhetoric. But who was the friend Mr. Morley quoted? We suspect Mr. Morley of quoting himself.

We have chanced during the week on a case of persecution by advertisement which passes, at least in vulgarity, any accomplishments in this direction that we know of. A bride was astonished to receive a wedding present, of some real value, from "Vanity Fair", a paper of which she had not previously heard. The gift consisted of a combined purse and pocket-book suspended by a silver chain, but it did not disclose its real inwardness for several weeks. Pasted to one side was a list of tradesmen. In a pocket of the purse was a leaflet explaining that if the lady went to the shops mentioned she would get a special discount; in another was a bone disc inscribed with the letters "V. F.", which was to be shown in the shops. But this was not the worst. To prevent the advice being neglected she is pestered by posted advertisements from shops which have been informed that she is one of the recipients of the "V. F." wedding present. We had no notion that the spy system was so highly developed.

Thompson's picture of London as a "city of dreadful night" has had a very physical illustration during the past week. On Wednesday traffic was at a standstill at Hyde Park Corner, that open and spacious centre, for about four hours, and although the fog was, as always, patchy in its degree of intensity it was baffling everywhere. As one looked from the pavement in front of the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square was as featureless as an ocean and the tinkle of water from the fountains gave such an illusion. Even standing against the basin of the fountains you would see nothing of the cause of the noise. In streets passing from a blaze of gaslight to the mere limbo gave the impression of walking up against a wall of solid darkness; and yet in the north of London, where the darkness was nearer twilight, omnibus drivers made their usual time by a really wonderful exhibition of skill.

There is a story of two French ladies who, "thoroughly disappointed at not being able to find a London fog", took a cab to Whitechapel to seek it there. Certainly a London fog is a thing to see; it is in its way beautiful but Whitechapel is not its retreat. A fog proclaims as does nothing else the site of London eastward. It lies most thickly along the brook, still to be seen dribbling through pipes into the Thames, from Blackfriars Bridge to the neighbourhood of King's Cross. Westward the marshy land between the Albert Hall and Westbourne Grove is marked at either end by patches of extreme darkness; and your consolation for being lost in Eaton Square is the thought that the old snipe ground is reasserting its native qualities. It is less consoling to think that these fogs are worst on the still frosty days which are the joy of winter. On Wednesday Brighton had six hours of brilliant sunshine.

Christmas Day, falling on Sunday this year, has a better chance of being observed as the Feast of the Nativity, not as Silenus' day. On the whole it seems likely that, even if Christmastide is generally made rather less of nowadays, its observance amongst the fewer who do keep it is more Christian than it was. The middle-Victorians seem largely to have forgotten the association of Christmas with Christ. There are some now who strangely seem to think that if you remember the day's Christian reason of being, you must drop all its festal and mirthful side. To present an Anglican with an exclusive choice between Puritanism and Paganism is irritating.

THE PEACE OF THE WORLD.

IT may seem almost an abuse of terms to speak of the peace of the world at this moment. With the horrors of Port Arthur and the Sha-Ho before their eyes men might be excused if they regarded it as but a hollow homage to the traditional associations of this season rather than a timely appreciation of existing facts. But, apart from the two great nations that are tearing at each other in the Far East with so little determining result, the world may not inappropriately ask whether the outlook is less hopeful than it was a year ago. In spite of the horrors of war with which we have now been confronted for ten months the prospects of a general mêlée, or even of individual intervention, is not more but less menacing than it was then. The possible outbreak of war was foreseen with grave apprehension because the entanglements in which it might involve others were dreaded, while the positive engagements that might oblige allies to take part were suspected rather than accurately known. One uncertain quantity of moment was the policy of France. How far was she bound by actual promises to take a hand or how soon might events compel a reluctant Government to act on popular initiative? Both these questions have now been answered satisfactorily to the rest of the world. It is by no means certain that French intervention is even obligatory in the case of a possible attack by any two Powers on Russia. Those best qualified to judge do not attribute any such obligation to the original terms of the Dual Alliance and, as for popular feeling, the war is regarded by nine out of every ten Frenchmen with impatience and dislike. Intervention would be the most unpopular policy upon which any French Government could embark. There is an anxious, almost a nervous, desire that no other nation should be drawn into the conflict, hence the eagerness of France to minimise the results of the North Sea "incident" (vice "outrage" retired) which undoubtedly did something to help our own Government to resist the surface clamour raised by some unprincipled organs of our Press.

This feeling in France does not apply to this war alone. There is among French people a general and growing antipathy to all warlike adventures, which is to be traced as we have pointed out before to the love of ease and material well-being that has mastered the nation as a whole. In her African possessions and in possible developments in Morocco France may find an antidote to the soporific which is slowly deadening her force as a Great Power. If a real leader is ever to arise for her again, he will probably be evolved from African struggles, but his advent is hardly to be calculated upon. As a disturbing force France need no longer be reckoned with.

With Germany the case is different. We have always held that with Germany we have and should have no cause of quarrel. Her policy is dictated by geographical position. However peaceful France may wish to be she is always a potential enemy for Germany, for the possession of Metz and possible causes of dispute with Russia are seeds of war, whether they germinate or not. Again the evolution of the Austrian problem may involve Germany in war almost against her will. The opening of a race struggle waged by force of arms may in a week take the place of parliamentary wrangles which have the same origin. The trained historical mind of Mr. Bryce sees nothing improbable in an absorption of the German-speaking provinces of Austria. This intervention would involve at once the question of Trieste and indirectly, but certainly, the future of the Near East. The opening of such a vista of inter-racial conflict is dependent upon the life of a robust but aged sovereign. Germany cannot reduce her armaments. Her great and growing commerce must be protected by an adequate navy and her population must be kept in the best possible physical condition in order to maintain a vigorous and efficient army. It is generally forgotten by controversialists on the fiscal question that this necessity underlies the economic policy pursued for the protection of her agrarian interests. Germany must have a food supply at home and as sturdy a race as possible to fill her ranks. These

necessities guide her policy. She will not embark on any wild crusade for hypothetical colonies.

As for Russia and ourselves, we have lived through so much during the last year that we may well hope that any armed collision is far distant. The English public is tired of war and there is no public opinion in Russia which concerns itself with such things; there is military and official opinion, but events have clearly shown that war with us is not desired at present, or so many excellent opportunities for waging it would not have been missed. Perhaps our own people are at length disabused of the notion that Russia desires a European enemy in order to retire gracefully from the conflict with Asiatics. This conception is not new because it may be found in a similar suggestion thrown out by Horace Walpole against our own Government in one of his letters when Lord North's Ministry in 1779 had entered into a struggle with Spain while already engaged with France and our revolted colonies. The idea is as absurd now as it was then because Russia firmly believes that she will win in the end, in fact feels it vital that she should. Other nations are equally determined that they will not be drawn in. There is still the one incalculable factor—China. At present all fears upon that score have proved fortunately groundless; but what if General Ma should be inspired to take the plunge after the fall of Port Arthur? If that crisis should by evil chance arise, we can have no hope save in the common sense of the European Governments who must have foreseen and will provide against the contingency if there is any wisdom remaining in their counsels. In this matter we can well imagine that America might claim to be heard, for her commercial and political interests in the Far East are growing day by day and before long her voice will be enforced by a fleet of enormous capacity. The stamp of approval given to a policy of imperialism is for the rest of the world the one important fact in the Presidential election and the determination to support it by adequate forces the one sincere note in Mr. Roosevelt's turgid declamation. It is assumed that the triumph of this policy is a good thing for us. It may be in existing circumstances, but, if an era of aggressive Americanism should open out, which is far from improbable, our position as the second greatest Power upon the Western continent may involve a desperate conflict.

But it would not seem as if in recent times the existence of great armaments necessarily involves warlike sentiments. On the contrary we have seen fewer of the panics formerly common in our own country since we became convinced of the undoubted supremacy of our fleet. We could never have ridden out the South African storm with the confidence and absence of tumult which excited the admiration of other peoples had not the safety of our troops in crossing the seas been demonstrated to the understanding of the man in the street. There must be something left to chance in all human affairs, but it would seem as if adequate preparation is justified as a precaution for peace.

At the present time the policy of Governments is undoubtedly peaceful. We omit to reckon the rare cases, like that of Japan and Russia, where the possession of certain neutral territory is regarded by either Power as a necessity vital to its development. It is the existence of such a state of things that makes war sometimes inevitable, but such cases are fortunately rare. If all "incidents" that arise were left to Governments to settle, there would be few wars. We have long passed the epochs of dynastic conflicts. For the last two centuries Great Britain has rarely fought save for colonies and markets. Other nations have had to wage, during the nineteenth century especially, wars for national consolidation. Such wars may possibly still await Germany but the wars of the future will be even more markedly trade wars than those waged by us with the house of Bourbon and with Napoleon during the eighteenth century. Adequate preparations will do more to avert conflicts of that nature than they could to avert those wars that spring from popular feeling. The opening and closing of markets can almost always be made the subject of diplomatic negotiation and in such affairs one nation will rarely stand alone. The gravest menace to peace arises from popular feelings

and there is a stage when no Government can any longer oppose a popular demand for war. The more democratic the State the greater is this danger, for the greater is the influence of the Press. The only power a government like our own possesses over an unscrupulous propaganda of this sort is to be found in the personal influence its members may exercise individually over editors and more particularly proprietors of journals, who may do infinite harm if unchecked either by persuasion or force. As a rule governments will keep the peace if the newspapers will let them. We find the least inclination to make war for mere sentiment among those nations where universal military service prevails, for the argument against an unnecessary war is of necessity very strong in the mind of every man who has to face the danger himself instead of in the persons of his payees.

DISRAELI'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

WHAT'S in a hundred years? "Century" we cannot say, for the cricketer journalist has driven that word clean out of literary English. But in a hundred years what is there? Well, there's a hundred years. And nothing more? Then what point is there in reverting to a man's memory because a hundred years have passed since he came into the world or went out of it? Why not seventy years, or a hundred and five and a half? No doubt every time-period is artificial, it coincides with nothing but itself; but since we cannot think out of time, we have to think in time, if we think at all. It is natural enough that certain time-revolutions, arbitrary in their first selection, should come to have a sort of meaning, almost a personality, of their own. A year to a civilised man is something more than 365 days, and fifty years is more than fifty years, as the very grammar shows, or we should wince at saying fifty years is, as possibly some slow-witted person will wince now, and a hundred years is most of all. Rightly do we stop at these prominent milestones of history to consider the great dead. And no one can say that a hundredth milestone, or headstone, recurs often enough for the great dead to bore us. And of them all none could bore us less than Benjamin Disraeli. Though, indeed, it is wearisome enough to be told that Disraeli was "the prophet of the imperial idea". Hard, is it not?, that even *his* memory can be so bedevilled by the dulness of hangers-on that the most baffling and amazing genius within living memory rises again a heavy, vulgar, philistine jingo.

It is one of the most splendid ironies of politics, which for the true love we bear him we can only hope Disraeli is able to appreciate from a better world, since none would enjoy it more exquisitely than he, that Lord Beaconsfield has come to be the hero and the beau-ideal of the type most anti-pathetic to himself, the type that never understood and usually loathed him in his life, and the type he most contemned. Disraeli was never popular with the respectable; Gladstone was the respectable man's hero. Disraeli could get on with the aristocracy, who have never counted as Britishly respectable, though usually philistine on the better side, and they grew to like him; and he loved the working classes. But the solid, sensible, stupid, correct, and vulgar middle-class type did not appeal to him, and to them he was suspect nearly to the end; not quite. The cause of the change of attitude is multiplex; partly he grew old, and age is respectable, but even more he had made them see that he was playing a big game, and a big game is always attractive. Unfortunately he did not live to complete the education of the country. Had he lived ten years longer, we should have less pothouse jingoism at this moment and more of intelligent appreciation of what empire means. Disraeli knew what it meant; he knew it meant the reverse of *laissez-faire* and of everything the old Liberalism held sacred; he taught his own party that and went some way to teach the country. But he knew equally well that empire did not mean seeing no faults in your own country and countrymen, in thinking foreigners blackguards, and telling them so in terms of a sermon, in believing your race was designed by God to squeeze every

other race out of the world, and in censuring every other person's manners, dress, and speech because it is not identical with your own manners, dress, and speech. Unfortunately Lord Beaconsfield taught but half his lesson, and the very persons for whom the second half was most intended have taken the other half he did teach and grafted it on to all the vices he himself meant to refine away. And the Beaconsfield of their conception is about as much like the real man as the Falstaff of Shakespeare is like the good and true knight Sir John Falstaff of fact.

Disraeli was extraordinarily equipped for preaching a true imperialism. Megalomania and Anglo-Saxonism were a less temptation to him because he was in every way the reverse of a typical Englishman. He was not an Englishman at all; he was an Asiatic and had about him the Asiatic imagination and mysticism. His race saved him from mere utilitarianism, it saved him from hypocrisy. He may have deceived others from time to time, but he never deceived himself, and no man is a true hypocrite who does not deceive himself. Disraeli did not draw round him immaculate skirts and preach high morality from the house-tops, and so he failed to establish a reputation for lofty moral ideals. We remember hearing a famous Oxford professor illustrate the difference, in his view, between Gladstone and Disraeli by supposing that he were playing cards with them, and that he found out both of them cheating. Disraeli, he said, would have crushed his hat down over his head and simply gone out of the room; Gladstone would have sprung to his feet in great indignation and proved that cheating was playing fair. The real truth about Disraeli in his politics and his character is that he was just a Cæsar. He knew that government could be effectively carried out only by executive power being in the hands of a very few, but those few must have the masses behind them, possibly to be consulted from time to time. He knew that the average man was totally incompetent to take a hand in government and to consult him in the matter at all was a fiction, of educative value for him, very likely, but for purposes of government useless. He had to fit these views into a system that assumed the average man to be highly intelligent; and it must be remembered that in his time, as indeed now, the working-man was not regarded as average, but below the average. In this light it seems to us not difficult to explain all that he did in politics; and why he weakened the power of the middle classes, who contain what most people are thinking of when they speak of the average man. He was a Cæsar also in character. He would take the road that led to his ends. He realised that morality was outside and above maxims, conventions and even duties; that there was no act that might not in conceivable contingencies be both moral and immoral. He would not let go his hold of the reality to observe the superficial in morals. It was the difference between Cato and Cæsar. Cato was scrupulously honest in supporting a rotten and dishonest system; Cæsar frequently did what the moralist would call dishonest, and usually rightly, while he was laying the foundation of a vastly better order in the débris of corruption. He was hated, intelligibly too, by the especially honest and respectable: and so was Disraeli.

How un-English Disraeli was comes out when one goes over his special characteristics; love of show, elegance, brilliancy of wit, ironic and enigmatic expression, imagination. There was every quality of mind to repel the ordinary Englishman coupled with every outward circumstance; the Jew, the slender fop, who had been neither to public school nor college. He had not an English tradition at his back. How did this stranger conquer first his party and then his country?

That is the enigma that official life has to solve; an enigma Mr. Morley, approaching from the other side in his "Gladstone", felt to be too hard for him. Lord Acton the same, when in his "Letters" he calls Disraeli "the greatest Jew administrator since Joseph." Does not the task require a great man, indeed? Lord Rowton did not feel equal to it; and one can hardly blame him, though had he had eyes to see into the future, we think he would have rushed in to save worse fools than he thought himself. Mr. Gladstone was most fortunate; he had Mr. Morley, and failing him

might have had Mr. Bryce or Sir George Trevelyan. Lord Palmerston had Evelyn Ashley. Lord Randolph Churchill has his son, who at least has very high claims, and in the "River War" has proved he can write a brilliant book. Whom has hapless Disraeli? Mr. Monypenny. And who is Mr. Monypenny? Well, the "Times" seems to know, but nobody else. Of course, we all know he vacated the editorship of an African paper, but outside the "Times" office none seems to know of a single reason why this gentleman should be the official biographer of Lord Beaconsfield. Was the idea that Disraeli's life would fitly end in a bitter gibe? Why, even if Richard Pigott's "Life and Letters" were to be done, let it be done by some one who knew something of him, if such can be found. Is not Disraeli better than Pigott?

COMPANY PROSECUTIONS.

IN his admirable summing-up in the Hooley-Lawson case Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence particularly emphasised the direction that the jury should not allow themselves to be influenced as much as a feather's weight by any prejudice against the defendants as company promoters. It says a good deal for the ability with which the Judge controlled the case, and the authority which he brought to bear on it, that his caution was loyally acted on and that the jury deprived themselves of a pleasure which many people expected they would enjoy. Undoubtedly there was a feeling that when Mr. Hooley, and in a less degree Mr. Lawson, were once put into the dock they would have to suffer for the disasters which their financial undertakings had brought upon many in recent years. Mr. Hooley was an undischarged bankrupt who since he was supposed to have ruined himself and others had been living on a scale of luxury to which few people who pay their debts in full can ever hope to reach. It would perhaps not be quite correct to say that whether Mr. Hooley were guilty or not of the charges made against him in this instance, there was a hope that he would be convicted. But there would undoubtedly have been considerable satisfaction if that had been the result of the trial. The reason would be found in the uncomfortable belief that shady practices in company promoting, which everybody feels ought to be punished, go scot free on account of defects in the law. We have heard so much about the uncertainty of prosecutions in such cases that it was felt that these people on their trial do not escape conviction because they are innocent of what ought to be legal offences, but because the law is not invested with sufficient power to punish them. That is a very proper ground for regretting many acquittals; but no one has any right to regret that Mr. Hooley was not convicted in this case, as some of the newspapers did. They expressed what is really a ridiculous feeling of disappointment that the Treasury had ever undertaken the prosecution, if the result was to be so feeble. But there is not any miscarriage of justice to deplore; and when there is not, it is somewhat startling to find regrets that a prisoner has proved his innocence of charges made against him. There is a consciousness of this in the minds of the critics themselves and they belabour the Treasury, that convenient abstraction, for having instituted the prosecution at all. With the result before us, it is easy to complain of that; but what would the complaints have been after Mr. Paine had begun to declaim his grievances in the police court if Hooley and Lawson had not been prosecuted? As we know from what was said about the failure to prosecute Whittaker Wright, there would have been no end to the reproaches, and sneers, and satire, which would have been hurled at the Law Officers.

Though the prosecution has proved abortive as far as Hooley was concerned, it is better that it should have been undertaken in order to get at the real facts about the Electric Tramways Construction and Maintenance Company. Once more it has been shown that a company promoter has been guilty of the same kind of offence as that for which Whittaker Wright was convicted; and once more it is satisfactory to know that the offender has had sentence passed upon him.

To this extent therefore the law has been vindicated, though the sentence is much less severe than was inflicted on Whittaker Wright. But on this point we rely on the discretion and judgment of the Judge. His conduct of the trial and his appreciation of the facts showed a judge at his best. When we remember the premature opinions expressed by Mr. Justice Bigham at the Whittaker Wright trial; when we think that Mr. Justice Darling might have made jokes in envious emulation of the heavy repartees of counsel, or have amused himself with stimulating Mr. Paine's exuberant originalities, there is sufficient cause for satisfaction that Mr. Justice Lawrence was selected. Fortunately too Mr. Justice Grantham's peculiar abilities were forestalled by the Lewes police court; and it is much better that his emotional gifts should be exercised upon cottage plans than on an important criminal trial such as Hooley's and Lawson's. There would certainly be good reason for regret if the point reserved for the Crown Cases Court should be decided in favour of Lawson. It would indeed be a scandal if it were decided that a man who has had the whole conduct of a company's affairs should be irresponsible because he has not been formally appointed to the official position of manager. The law would then practically invite its own stultification. It is remarkable that there should be any uncertainty at all; but the two exactly opposite decisions of the Recorder and Common Serjeant are on record and they have neither been considered by the Crown Cases Court nor any legislation proposed to make the law definite. This is a fine example of the casual manner in which our legal system is supervised, though we have a highly paid Lord Chancellor and Law Officers part of whose duty it is to guard against such anomalies. We spend thousands of pounds on a prosecution, and absorb three weeks of a Judge's time on one case, while the Courts are swamped with arrears, only to find at the end that there is some probability that the prisoner could never have been legally guilty at all. This is what has happened in Lawson's case.

Except on these grounds there is no reason to be disappointed with the trial. So far as the charges related to real Company law the man who was found by the jury to have been responsible for misconduct in the affair of the Construction Company is deemed by the Judge to have been legally responsible. We may hope he has not any real doubt in permitting a case to be reserved for the Crown Court. It could hardly have been refused in such a trial with the Report of the Beck Inquiry Committee still fresh, recommending the creation of an absolute right to submit to review a Judge's decision on a point of law. It is true the one-man company is legal. There is no uncertainty of law about that: the House of Lords has made this plain. Consequently the one man can construct a board of dummy directors who are his humble and obedient servants. The titled directors, equally dummy, but more seductive, whose names are baits to attract the public, give place to the obscure persons who are only wanted for the purpose of keeping everything in the hands of the one man. If this individual has nefarious projects in his head, he has his board of silent acquiescents who question nothing and give him all formal authority. But granting that they may be innocuous so long as their patron keeps straight, should they be protected if he commits criminal offences in which they take part though as tools and in ignorance of what is really being done? That is one of the most serious questions raised by the Hooley-Lawson case. The showy director, the man of wealth and position, may be sued civilly and damages recovered against him if he has made himself the conduit-pipe for misstatements which he may believe are not false, but of whose truth at any rate he has no knowledge and has not tested, even supposing he is competent, but has taken in simple childlike trust. For the misstatements Sir Kenneth Mackenzie made at the "flare-up dinner" he might be responsible in an action if any shareholder, or other injured person, chose to proceed against him, as some of the shareholders in the Whittaker Wright company did against certain directors. But if the directors of the one-man company are "not worth powder and shot", they are not liable under the Criminal law. There

seems a clear case here for an alteration in company law. It would also make the formation of the one-man company more difficult; and this admittedly is desirable. Of course there can be no legislation against "paper" companies as such. The public's defect in judgment as to appeals made by speculators of the Lawson type cannot be supplied by Act of Parliament. All that can be required is that concealment of facts, misrepresentations, fraud that are criminal when other people are guilty of them, should be at least as certain of punishment when the offender is a company promoter. The acquittal of Hooley was not due to anything implying that such uncertainty exists. His alleged offences against Mr. Paine had nothing strictly to do with company law. He was charged with aiding and abetting Lawson in committing company offences it is true; but the facts were found in his favour as on the contrary they were found against Lawson. It was a matter of evidence whether he had assisted Lawson, and the jury did not see sufficient proof that he had. They were told that if they had any doubt as to the facts they should acquit; the common form; and they did so. The other charge was simply one of obtaining money from a particular person, Mr. Paine, by false pretences made as to shares; and there cannot be any surprise that the jury should have received Mr. Paine's version of the transactions with so many qualifications as to make a verdict of guilty impossible.

FIGURES OF THE FISCAL QUESTION.—XIV.

IT was our intention to bring this series to a close in the present article. The issue, last Wednesday evening, of a "Second Series of Memoranda, Statistical Tables, and Charts" by the Board of Trade, supplementary to the one issued last year, and commonly known as the "Fiscal Blue Book", makes it necessary for us, however, to add another article in order that we may note some of the contents of this latest official volume on the subject. Those who are fiscally-minded will, we fear, find but cold comfort in this huge volume of close on 600 pages, containing upwards of 1,000 tables, and hundreds of charts. A more undigestible and undigested mass of statistics has never before been issued by the Board of Trade officials. In saying this there is no desire on our part to depreciate the value of the production as a whole. It is a monument of industry and energy for which every student of economics, and of the commerce of this country will always be full of gratitude. The form in which the materials have been submitted make it unfortunately highly probable that the confusion in the public mind will only become worse confounded by the inability of the large majority to appreciate the limits of confidence to be put in any series of figures, even when issued under the auspices of an official and impartial body such as the Board of Trade is, and ought to be. The materials used, and the mode of presentation adopted in this volume, are not always new. We estimate that considerably more than half consists of materials merely reprinted from accessible British and foreign official and other authoritative publications. Of materials belonging to this class we note especially the last memorandum (No. XVII.) dealing with the distribution of the population engaged in the principal industries throughout the chief countries of the world. This is a subject which, our readers will recall, was fully dealt with in some of the earlier articles of the present series. We do not find, however, that the Board of Trade officials have taken proper care to present the information in such a manner as to make comparisons between different countries possible. The proportions of the population in different countries engaged in various groups of trades are in themselves interesting, but it is more important to know what these proportions are, not of the whole population, which in different countries contains unequal shares of women and children, but rather of the working male population. These are the figures which we gave in Articles III. to V., and which we believe are in this

form more useful and more scientifically accurate and comparable than those published in the Board of Trade volume. The tables we gave were compiled from the same sources, and are to be regarded, therefore, as having equal authority.

An analysis of considerable interest is included in the new volume, dealing with the exports of the United Kingdom, Germany, France, and the United States, to the countries within and without this group. The figures are of sufficient interest to be reproduced here.

Value of Exports to Countries outside the Group.

Exporting Country.	Average of 1880-1882.	Average of 1900-1902.	Total Increase.	Percentage Increase.
	Million £.	Million £.	Million £.	
United Kingdom ...	168.0	215.8	47.8	28
Germany ...	89.4	144.0	54.6	61
France ...	76.4	86.9	10.5	14
United States ...	48.2	119.5	71.3	148

Value of Exports to Countries within the Group.

Exporting Country.	Average of 1880-1882.	Average of 1900-1902.	Increase (+) or Decrease (-).	Percentage Increase (+) or Decrease (-).
	Million £.	Million £.	Million £.	
United Kingdom ...	64.8	61.2	- 3.6	- 6
Germany ...	61.7	78.0	+ 16.3	+ 26
France ...	65.0	78.1	+ 13.1	+ 20
United States ...	121.3	171.2	+ 49.9	+ 41

It appears from these tables that within the group the exports of the United Kingdom have, if anything, declined, while the exports of the other countries within the group have increased very considerably. The significance of this fact is brought out on the next page of the Blue-book, that of all the non-protected markets the United Kingdom is "by far the most important" open to them. It is shown that the exports of domestic produce to the United Kingdom for Germany, France and the United States amounts to 55 per cent. of all their exports to non-protected markets. With regard to the countries outside the group, the figures show that, from the point of view of the relative increase, either absolute or proportionate, the countries stand in the following order: (1) United States, with an increase of 148 per cent. between the years 1880-1882 and 1900-1902; (2) Germany, with an increase of 61 per cent.; (3) United Kingdom, with an increase of 28 per cent.; and (4) France, with an increase of 14 per cent. How these figures might have been affected had coal been excluded is not stated nor is there time to estimate it. It may be confidently asserted, however, that if this had been done, the position of the United Kingdom would probably have fallen below that of France.

One of the most interesting of the many charts in the volume is to be found on page 79, but is not, so far as we can see, accompanied by any explanatory text. It deals with the relation between fluctuations in employment (not unemployment) and the fluctuations in the export trade per head of the population. It will no doubt come as a revelation to the many free-trade experts, who have been regaling themselves in the columns of the evening press recently, that there does appear to be a very intimate and close connexion between these two quantities. Over a period covering the last sixty years it is seen that employment has been best when the exports have been greatest, and that any downward movement in the export trade is accompanied at once by a corresponding movement of the numbers in employment. This is, of course, just what might have been expected, and to believe it does no violence to the reason.

Of the absolutely new material now published the public will probably be most deeply interested in the result of an investigation into the cost of living in this country for a series of years. The main materials for this consist of some 1,900 budgets of working-class families, nearly the whole of which were collected by the Board of Trade during the early part of the present year. By a method of statistical extrapolation the comparative cost of food for each of the past 20 years has been estimated, and allowance has been made for fluctuations in the cost of rent, fuel, lighting and clothes. The general result arrived at by this method

of investigation, which is not free from fallacy, is contained in the following table:—

Period.	Index Number of Cost of Living (cost in 1900=100).
1878-1882 ...	120
1883-1887 ...	108
1888-1892 ...	101
1893-1897 ...	95½
1898-1902 ...	100

Compared with the period 1878-1882 the cost of living would appear to have diminished by about 16 per cent. Compared with the next period, the fall is only 7 per cent. The lowest point was reached in the quinquennium 1893-1897, and from that time the cost of living appears, on these figures, to have risen by some 5 per cent. No comparative figures are given for other countries, though in the case of the United States and Germany at least the necessary materials in sufficient abundance do exist. The well-known "Aldrich's" Report in the case of the United States, and the numerous issues of the Verein f. Socialpolitik, presided over by Professor Schmoller, for Germany are full of information from which the industrious and painstaking might extract analogous information for those countries. It is significant that at the end of the present volume is included a list of corrections of the former Blue-book, extending over five pages. Some of these are of tables which put an entirely different complexion on their original meanings. It is to be hoped that a list of equal length will not be required in the next series, which, it is stated in the introduction, is in course of preparation.

In a concluding article next week we shall recapitulate the main positions and conclusions arrived at in the series.

THE CITY.

THE announcement that the Stock Exchange will be closed on Saturday, synchronising as it does with the preliminary arrangements for the "carry-over", would have been almost sufficient in itself to check business unless counteracted by a general public demand—when however a further disability is added in the shape of the dense fog which has hung over the City during the past few days it would be quite unreasonable to expect activity. Markets have therefore contented themselves by merely recording a few minor changes, and for the rest the younger members have had an opportunity for jests of varying degree coupled with sundry charitable schemes which have received substantial support.

Although, however, there has been no extensive indication, such positive signs as exist point towards a recurrence of nervousness induced solely from the statements made as to domestic politics in Russia. It is beyond all question that Russian bonds have been sold during the past few days and we do not attribute this to the events in the Far East—that situation was discounted several months ago and prices are now above the quotations ruling then—but to the new factor introduced by alleged internal troubles in Russia. Certainly the general attitude is that of nervousness.

Against the bearish feeling to which we have alluded—induced, be it said, in our opinion, largely by the weather—there is the undoubted fact that the gilt-edged stocks, more especially the short-dated bonds returning 3¼ to 4 per cent., have been in request, and the evidence—as far as it is possible to judge—that the position for the rise is not unduly large. It is very necessary to safeguard oneself in any definite statement, but, on the whole, we are disposed to favour an improving market. There will be a period of stagnation during the holiday season, but unless some untoward event happens in international politics we believe that the New Year will mark the opening of good markets all round.

The duel between Mr. Lawson and Wall Street continues, but if the cabled statements in regard to an increase in the dividend on Baltimore and Ohio ordinary shares to 5 per cent. and a dividend of 3¼ per cent. on Southern Pacifics prove correct, a counter to this gentleman's "bear" attack will have been made in the most effective fashion.

Home Railway stocks have been dull partly owing to poor traffic returns and to the foggy weather. The London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company announce that power will be sought to issue £1,250,000 3½ per cent. debenture stock, but as the issue will be applied to pay off existing loans the announcement had no marked effect on quotations.

Among mining shares a certain levelling-up of jobbers' books has taken place and the approach of option day has also caused prices to react slightly, but on the whole the position is satisfactory. It is understood that big lines of shares have been placed in Paris during the past week and the Bourse appears to have great power of absorption, a further evidence of the plethora of money on the Continent to which allusion was made in our issue of last week. But the wholesale placing of mining scrip in France is not so satisfactory as it would appear to be at first sight, as the Frenchman sells wildly and indiscriminately if alarmed. With no complications to upset the Continental nerves there is every appearance of an extremely strong market in South African mining shares and we have lately been shown a most instructive letter written a few weeks ago by a well-known banker in South Africa who is thoroughly posted in the affairs of that country. He gives it as his opinion that the conditions there are rapidly approaching those which existed at the latter end of 1894 immediately preceding the "boom" year. The gold industry then, as it has now, had shaken off its difficulties in a large degree, and confidence—always a plant of slow growth—had been restored. His conclusion is that if the market remains steady in Europe for the next month or so a repetition of 1895 should be experienced.

NELSON'S PENSION TEA INSURANCE.

FOR some years Nelson and Co. have been selling tea at 2s. 2d. per pound, the retail value of which was not more than 1s. 4d. They have been paying pensions of 10s. a week to customers who became widows and who had purchased half a pound of tea weekly. The company has been licensed to transact Life assurance business, and accounts for the two years from June 1901 to June 1903 have been deposited with the Board of Trade. During this period 75 per cent. of the profits of the company was devoted to the pension fund. In these two years the accounts show the following items:—

Total Sales	£	1,240,823
Paid for tea at 1s. 4d. per pound...	...	763,584
Paid for Pensions at 10d. per pound	...	477,239
Paid to Pension Fund	242,041
Profit to Nelson's out of Pensions	...	£235,198

It thus appears out of the 10d. a pound extra which the company has been charging for its tea the shareholders have been taking nearly 5d.

Out of the £242,041 contributed to the Pension Fund in the two years the amount paid for pensions was £202,703, and the Pension Fund at the end of the period accounted for the balance of about £40,000: this balance has been exhausted and the pensions have recently been reduced to half the amount that was formerly paid. The utter failure of the pension scheme having thus become apparent a new method is announced, which is to be worked by a fresh concern, called the Nelson Trading Company. This new plan gives no pensions, but promises a fixed sum to a widow at the death of her husband. The actuarial value of this benefit is equivalent to a pension of less than 7d. a week to customers who purchase half a pound of tea weekly. So that by the Company's own admission the benefits formerly paid were about eighteen times too large. It is difficult to suppose that the directors were unaware that it would be absolutely impossible to continue pensions of 10s. a week, or if they were ignorant they should have taken advice upon the subject before launching the scheme. It would of course have been impossible to build up a big business by promising a pension of 7d. a week, but a pension of 10s. attracted

huge numbers of customers, and put hundreds of thousands of pounds into the pockets of the promoters.

The new insurance scheme is no more desirable than the old pension scheme, since the insurance contracts are guaranteed by Nelson and Co., which cannot be considered a solvent insurance company. Moreover, if the insurance benefits promised were certain to be paid, they are not of a kind which the working classes should be encouraged to purchase. The benefits only provide for a payment to the widow at the death of the husband. The wife may die shortly before the husband, and the whole of the contributions made by the extra payments for tea would be lost. At most ages an equal amount paid to a sound industrial Life office would provide a larger sum at the death of the husband whether the wife were alive or not.

One of the people who have made large profits out of the company is Mr. Bainbridge, who has offered on certain conditions to set aside the sum of £50,000 for the benefit of the widows: this offer is conditional upon five-sixths of the customers continuing to deal with the company and is to be spread over five years. On the basis of the Board of Trade returns it is necessary that the customers as a whole should pay during that time £2,700,000 over and above the retail value of the tea in order that some few of the customers may get the benefit of Mr. Bainbridge's £50,000. Out of this £2,700,000 Nelson's shareholders would take a profit of £1,389,856 over and above the ordinary profits on the sale of tea. Since Mr. Bainbridge apparently considers that some sort of restitution is due to the thousands of working women by whose loss he has gained so much, we would suggest that the immediate abandonment of the whole scheme and the return of the whole of the profit which has been made out of it is the only proper course to pursue. The scheme was a huge mistake and it is to say the least inappropriate that a few people should gain hundreds of thousands out of a mistake for which they are responsible while hundreds of thousands of the working classes are involved in loss.

STREET ARCHITECTURE.

FROM time to time, in one or other of the societies, a paper is read and followed by discussion on the problems of street architecture in London. There is naturally a good deal of repetition of topic and argument on these occasions, and the discussion is apt to be inconclusive. There is the admiration, which everyone shares, for the ancient street, narrow, winding, historical, with a picturesque jumble of buildings of different ages and style. Balancing with this is the admiration, which nearly everyone shares, for the street that is a work of forethought and accommodation to the needs of traffic in a big city, or to the ideas of vista and monumental splendour. In this connexion the vast arrangements of Paris and other foreign capitals are glanced at, and the one or two small attempts that have been made in London to build with uniformity attract a growing tenderness. The sense of the meeting, on the whole, is against jumble building as a modern plan, because it is found to result in a variety not of good but of bad and competitively bad architecture; and the tendency is to pray for even a Nash or an Adam whose design, however modest in architectural merit, shall give the continuity and sobriety of Regent Street or the Adelphi to a whole quarter. How this is to be brought about by authority does not appear, so that we are left with a pious aspiration after "comity" and neighbourly consideration for the style of the next house or shop, an aspiration that the shopkeeper, with his desire for a special line in architecture as in other goods, will certainly do his best to defeat.

Then there follows the case of changes resulting not from the ordinary processes of private rebuilding, but from those big "improvements", or those plannings of public places in which the central authority takes a hand. The mess that has been made in the latter kind at Hyde Park Corner and Piccadilly Circus is held up to scorn, and examples of the former in Shaftesbury and Northumberland Avenues come in for reprobation. The upshot of this part of the discussion is a recom-

mendation that the public and the public's representatives should be educated to distinguish good architecture from bad; but once more it is not made clear how we are to arrive at a high proportion of discriminating persons on these bodies, since *ex hypothesi* among architects themselves the proportion is so modest. Two things are really confused in this part of the discussion. We may ask of elective public bodies that they shall give respect and consideration to the artistic question as well as to the question of convenience when changes are made, and education is possible in this direction. Thus a lesson was taught the County Council when a strong expression of opinion saved S. Mary-le-Strand from destruction. On this, the conservative side, artistic opinion, speaking with a united voice, has some effect. But when the problem is that of designing new places and buildings an elective body has no longer a referee in general artistic opinion, and is itself incompetent to decide, or too timid to put the decision into the right hands. The discussion ends at this point with an agreement as to the need of a referee; where he is to be found or how appointed is undetermined. A Ministry of Fine Arts is perhaps darkly indicated.

So far we have the case of the artists against the private exploiters and the public bodies. Under the next head the dispute is between different sections of the designers themselves. There are minor points raised among the stylists, but the big cleavage is between engineers and architects. For construction on a big scale the modern world goes to what are called engineers, for decoration it still shows a certain deference to what are called architects. And on one side in this country we have the engineers, who pretend to no artistic sense, telling the architects that it is the architects' business to make their account with the new iron and steel construction, and find some skin for it more appropriate than a Gothic or a Roman. On the other hand we have the architects, disclaiming competency in this new construction, begging the engineers to drop the sham trimmings, and telling them that it is the engineers' business to treat the new material artistically; the architects, apparently, confining themselves to construction in stone and brick. Thus English engineers are bidden to look abroad at examples of artistic treatment of engineering construction, such as the new Gare d'Orléans in Paris. Accepting that, with due reserves, as an example of what may be done, one may carry this part of the discussion a stage further by remarking that the designer of the Gare d'Orléans is an architect *who is also an engineer*. The distinction, in fact, between engineer and artist, and the equation between architect and artist are false ones. There is a distinction between constructors in brick and stone and constructors in iron and steel, but the word architect should mean the artist-constructor in one or the other material.

In Mr. T. G. Jackson's paper at the Society of Arts the other night and the subsequent discussion those three heads of discussion found their place, but it was a merit of the paper that it centred upon the practical problems of the "Strand Improvement Scheme". This scheme raises all the difficulties at once, the question of controlling the character of the buildings in the new thoroughfare, the question of the treatment of the junction of the Kingsway with the Strand and its ancient buildings, and the question of the modern street-building of many storeys superposed on a slender-seeming base of girder, stanchion and plate-glass.

It will be convenient to take the second of these points first, for under this head Mr. Jackson made an appeal, that deserves support, to the County Council, to reconsider the building line on the north side of the Strand. The two churches have been saved, but the perspective between them is in danger, the Council being unwilling to sacrifice the ground required to allow of a handsome treatment. One can understand their scruples, beset as they are by exacting ground-landlords on one side, and the burdened ratepayers on the other; but the appearance of the greatest thoroughfare in London has a claim upon us that the Council ought to admit, as they have done the claims of London to amenity in the matter of open spaces. A more difficult point arises over the question of the new

buildings to be put up on the Strand frontage. If these are immense and incongruous in style with S. Mary's Church and Somerset House, those buildings will be destroyed, Mr. Jackson argued, almost as effectually as if they had been demolished. The outlook here is not very hopeful, for the County Council threw over the scheme of imposing an architectural treatment on the occupants of sites, and very little restraint can be imposed on their own designs beyond the provisions of the Building Act.

This brings us back to the first point in discussion, namely the desirability of a general scheme for the architecture of a new thoroughfare like Kingsway instead of haphazard individual design. Mr. Jackson said little on this head, beyond remarking on the need of "comity" on the part of the different architects. But supposing that it is impossible at present for the central authority to employ an architect and build the shops and houses, why is combination impossible to secure a tolerable treatment of building areas? The money must have been found in former times to finance the plans of Adam and Nash—is it impossible for the architect and capitalist of our days to do something of the same sort? The shops of Regent Street are not what the fancy of their occupiers would make them: they are too much like one another; but Regent Street being the thoroughfare it is, the shops are in demand. In the same way shops once provided on a decent and sober plan along the new thoroughfare would perforce be occupied, because they would be the only shops available in that important street. We have surely heard long enough complaints of the "speculative builder"; it is we who are at fault, in not fighting him with his own weapons, securing the building areas in advance, and plotting the buildings on a reasonable plan. The schemes that are now coming to the front for "garden cities" are the beginning of a movement against this helpless acquiescence. The key to the situation is economical; the practical remedy is not to make everybody a judge of architecture, but to get control of building areas, and cut off mean and reckless architecture at its source.

Under the third head Mr. Jackson came to close terms with the problem. The truce between engineering construction and "architecture" has been upset by the demands of the shopkeepers. They require so much shop-window space (and also, pace Mr. Jackson, so much light on the ground-floor of tall streets) that the architectural stone front concealing the girders is disappearing on the ground-floor and remains as an absurdity above. Mr. Jackson, therefore, starting from the general principle that the iron construction of these buildings is, like the old wood construction, a trabeated one, proposes that the treatment should recognise this, exhibit the girders and stanchions as in half-timber works, and fill in with some non-ponderous material. Mr. Ricardo developed the same idea with some further suggestions, by means of a diagram, but time did not allow of full explanations. Iron construction lies under the disadvantage of not being very durable unless carefully protected, and also of suffering distortion from fire. Mr. Jackson met the first of these objections by the argument that it is perhaps just as well that commercial buildings, in a time when conditions change so rapidly, should not be too durable. There was one point which he did not clear up; namely, how are we to reconcile this new architecture if applied in Kingsway, with the "comity" required of the buildings at the Aldwych end, those that will come into the picture with S. Mary's and Somerset House. Perhaps he looks forward to a future in which the nobler material and older construction will be reserved for certain monuments, while a lighter and more temporary kind of building will be run up in the commercial streets.

D. S. MACCOLL.

CONCERNING BACH.

A LITTLE while ago I had occasion to mention the new edition of Grove's Dictionary, and in the course of my notice I remarked that the article on Bach, by Mr. F. G. Edwardes, was a poor performance. Mr. Edwardes has indignantly replied that he is not the author of the whole of that article but only of the last

column; and he considers my remarks damaging to him as editor of the "Musical Times". Now most writers on music would rather be accused by the musical critic of the SATURDAY REVIEW of having written a poor article in a publication edited by Mr. Maitland than of being editor of the "Musical Times", published under the auspices of Novello, Limited. Mr. Edwardes states that he has the honour to edit this publication, and he wants me to retract. It is not necessary for him to come to our office and convince everyone that I am a liar: I prefer to admit at once that I was a fool to think that Mr. Edwardes could have written the article on which I commented. I apologise to Mr. Edwardes. He need not be alarmed. So long as there are musical dullards in England, the paper he edits will flourish. He will not lose his post on my account. But he may lose it if he calls public attention to the fact that the dullest part of a long, tedious article was written by Mr. Edwardes. Since Mr. Edwardes himself has raised the question I will reveal to the reader—who doubtless wishes to know nothing about the matter—how the error came to pass. I read the article on Bach and many others, skipping, after a little experience, all the portions placed in brackets because these came from the characteristically inept pen of Mr. Maitland. And so, the original article being unknown to me—for I had never read it—I skipped Mr. Maitland's bracketed portion, and it was only on the arrival of Mr. Edwardes' touching letter that I learnt that the worst part of the article was written by him. Between the brackets was mentioned the authorship of the preceding portion.

Though I had never read the article "Bach" in Grove, I was perfectly familiar with Spitta's Life of Bach. This being approximately the tenth anniversary of my first appearance in the SATURDAY REVIEW, I may be permitted to remark that about ten years have passed since I first criticised Spitta's Bach criticism here. A most laborious man he was, this Spitta, who wrote and issued stupendous tomes full of learning. They are invaluable to the student: I would not for a moment dream of underrating them; but excepting when he deals with purely technical points the criticism is absolutely worthless. Pages on pages are wasted in explaining the obvious, but when it comes to such a matter, for instance, as comparing or contrasting the "Matthew" and the "John" Passions, he is hopelessly at sea, regarding the earlier, the "John", as an attempt, more or less unsuccessful, to achieve what he afterwards successfully accomplished in the "Matthew". And as I long ago pointed out, the two works are entirely different in aim and idea; and to regard the one as a success made after a failure is as absurd as to regard the Choral symphony as a success made after the failure or partial failure of the Eroica. The treatment of the instrumental works is of much the same quality: their poetic import eluded Spitta altogether. He looked at all the "pianoforte" works of Bach through the pianoforte works of Beethoven: he would not or did not see that the clavierchord, Bach's favourite instrument, is as different from a piano as a violin from an accordion. The clavierchord being very scarce in these days, most of us are compelled to play Bach on the piano. I do it myself: Bach is never off the desk of my piano—but the effect is analogous to that produced when an industrious country amateur gives you the Hallelujah Chorus on a flute.

But when I compared the Bach article in Grove with Grove's own Beethoven I was thinking less of the criticism than of the utter failure to give any definite and striking portrait of the man and the artist. In Spitta's Life certain facts are baldly mentioned, though no use is made of them; in Grove even these facts are omitted. Anyone reading the Life carefully may build up for himself a picture of the man; no one can construct one from the Grove article. He was no stodgy bourgeois, Bach, lighting his lamp early and covering his music-paper with acres of dry counterpoint, nor was he a dull schoolmaster and choirmaster who performed his duties resolutely and with equal resolution turned out the due weekly amount of church music. He lived a quiet homely life and has no Don Juan escapades to his credit or debit; he was not a great

opera ruler like Handel, nor had he like Beethoven princes and princesses at his feet. But dull, slow, stodgy, regular? No more fiery soul ever walked this earth. He was everlastingly in hot water; neither Beethoven nor Liszt nor Wagner was more touchy concerning his art. His long angry letters, still in existence, addressed to his various employers, show he was not a person to be trifled with. For years at Leipzig he was not on speaking terms with his nominal chief. There is a story told of him—goodness knows where—which is probably untrue, but ought to be true; and anyhow it shows how his contemporaries regarded him. During the sermon one day he went out to drink a bock and returned a trifle late. That was bad enough, but when an explanation was demanded he improved matters by excusing himself on the ground of the exceeding dryness of the sermon. He was invited to the Court of Frederic the Great and treated with the greatest respect. It is not even recorded that Frederic insisted on playing the flute to him. On the contrary, hearing that Bach had arrived, he laid down his flute and insisted that Bach should play, then and there, all tired and covered with the dust of travel though he was. I don't know whether the King paid the composer's travelling expenses. Probably not. Royalties honour genius by getting some hours of pleasure for nothing; and sometimes they give in return a gold snuff-box, or a cheap diamond ring, or a silver inkstand.

The qualities he showed in his everyday affairs appear in his music. It is full of energy, energy stupendous as that of Mozart or Beethoven or Handel. Like Handel "he could strike like a thunderbolt". Take the tremendous chorus in the "Matthew" Passion, "Have thunders and lightnings", or the opening of the first chorus of the "Christmas Oratorio"—if elemental energy is wanted, as opposed to the mere writing of heavy chords for the trombones and the drums, where can one go to find more of it? Or consider the terrible ending of one of the people's choruses in the "Matthew" Passion, "for He hath said, I am the Son of God". The abrupt unison makes an effect which has few parallels.

It is constantly said that his music is dry. It must be admitted that much of it is full of a cloistral gloom—he was no pagan like Handel and did not think his religious feelings a matter to be trifled with—but, on the other hand, how much of it is gay and fresh! The "Coffee Cantata", which I have heard several times, is not particularly amusing to the English mind. Its humour consists in putting very serious music to comical words. There is little room in music for humour and no room at all for wit. When I hear someone speak of the wit of a Chopin scherzo I think: "My friend, you had better see a doctor at once; you are slightly deranged mentally." In association with words there can be humour in music, as for example the prolonged low notes Handel gives to Polyphemus when he asks for a hundred reeds "for my capacious mouth". But the humour of Haydn and Beethoven in their instrumental works consists entirely of practical jokes: a sudden low C on the bassoon, a horn passage which no horn player can ever hope to play, a bass who enters a bar too soon or too late. The late Harold Frederic summed up the question beautifully. He said to me one day, when I had not laughed at one of his stories: "Musicians have no sense of humour. When I was a young man touching negatives in a photographer's studio I was very musical: I had notes in my voice that couldn't be found in any piano in our parts. I had no sense of humour. Afterwards, I developed a sense of humour and lost my voice. Now, you're a musician, my dear chap, and you know you are absolutely destitute of humour." As Mr. Frederic had his giant shoulders against the door, resolute not to let me escape until I agreed, I agreed.

This, however, has nothing to do with Bach. We need not search in Bach for humour or wit, but without searching we find at once not only the splendid artist, the man of profound feeling, but the gay and defiant spirit—a man totally different from the industrious pedant of Grove's Dictionary; and when we search Spitta's Life we find that what Bach is in his music he was in the flesh.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MY BOOKS.

WHEN the folks have gone to bed,
And the lamp is burning low,
And the fire burns not so red
As it did an hour ago ;

Then I turn about my chair
So that I can dimly see
Into the dark corner where
Lies my modest library.

Volumes gay and volumes grave,
Many volumes have I got :
Many volumes though I have,
Many volumes have I not.

I have not the rare Lucasta,
London, 1649 :
I'm a lean-pursed poetaster
Or the book had long been mine.

I have not an early Herrick :
I have wanted Dowland, too,
Since that lover of a lyric,
Symonds, wrote "The Key of Blue".

Never has my luck been lashed
To the Mariner of York
And upon my bookshelf washed :
Egg of dodo or of auk

Never was so rare as this
Volume that earned Dan Defoe
Deathless literary bliss.
I have not Ned Ward, nor know

That the rhyming knave I want,
Who did such a merry ill
To Don Quixote. D'Avenant,
Too, I lack, and Aaron Hill.

Books of travel ; books of sport ;
Books of no or some or great
Theological import ;
Books about affairs of State,

Absent are with many others ;
I can't boast a Dr. Donne,
Nor the "Poems by Two Brothers"—
Though I have a Tennyson.

But enough of treasures lacking :
If my cloak is frayed and torn,
I will send King Covey packing,
And present the cloak as worn.

Are my senses gone asleep ?
Sure I hear John Suckling laugh
From his grave in ancient sheep,
As, hard by, in mottled calf,

London, 1651,
Lab'ring Carew once more sighs
Through a score of sonnets on
Mistress Celia's long-closed eyes.

Comes a rather female song,
Sweet and sad ; 'tis Tommy Moore,
Singing of Ierne's wrong
Just as Tommy sang of yore.

Near him Rogers bitterly
Wails this oddest freak of Fate's—
Folks, he hears, buy "Italy"
Only for the charming plates.

There George Herbert's hallowed wraith,
Gleaming like a glow-worm's torch,
Still proclaims his humble faith
From the shadow of his Porch.

There for ADORATION, Smart,
Pours his Song to David still,
From the madhouse of his heart :
Kit has hardly had his fill

Yet of fame : he had more wit
Than folks gave him credit for,
Who might have had more of it.
Smart still waits an editor.

There Tom D'Urfey and his kin,
Bastards of a guilty muse,
Sing and love and sigh and sin
And each other's rhymes abuse.

There lie Dryden, Duck and Gay,
Doubtless an uneven lot,
Pomfret, Beattie, Collins, Gray :
Pope finds there another grot

Near the "Wit's Interpreter",
(Like an antique Whitaker,
Full of strange etcetera) ;
Areopagitica,

And the Muse of Lycidas,
Lost in meditation deep,
Give the cut to Hudibras,
Unaware the knave's asleep.

There the Tinker's Wond'rous son
(Lately come into his own)
Urges still the Pilgrim on ;
Shouts again for Mansoul Town.

Written by a friend of Keats,
That torn fragment next the Clare,
Lightly of "The Fancy" treats.
Next to Masson's Essays, there,

In three volumes Bagehot lies ;
Wiser pen among the witty,
Wittier among the wise,
Never wrote about the City.

On the broad back of his race
Swift, there, cuts with savage art
Half a fiend's, half ass's face.
Will time ever soothe the smart ?

There lies Coleridge, bound in green,
Sleepily still wond'ring what
He meant Kubla Khan to mean.
In that early Wordsworth, Mat

Arnold finds a later prop ;
Still to subject-matter leans ;
Murmurs of the loved hill-top,
Fyfield tree and Cumnor scenes.

Ayrshire's Peasant-Poet-King
Sang his soul into that page ;
Stopped—a lark shot on the wing—
Just as his muse came of age.

There is Byron, nowadays
Held in small repute by some ;
He must do without their praise.
There is Shake—and THERE I'm dumb :

Fauna of my crowded shelves ;
Birds of an unequal quill ;
There they roost like labelled elves
Waiting mine or Fate's last will.

On a day outside my ken,
Soon maybe or haply late,
These will pass to other men.
ONE will know a rarer fate.

Book of cloud and wind and sea,
More than all the others mine ;
Ere the Roll is called for me
Knowest what end will be thine ?

I will have thee to the fire.
So thy Parent went his way,
After ocean stilled his lyre,
From the sands of Spezzia.

RALPH HODGSON.

THE WITNESS OF KING CHARLES I.*

THERE has lately appeared a princely quarto, dedicated to the descendants of those leal men who served and succoured the White King as a hunted fugitive, in prison and on the scaffold. It is something more than a sumptuous gift-book; for the student will be glad to have side by side the personal narratives of Hudson, Herbert, Huntington, Berkeley, Ashburnham, Firebrace, Cooke and others, relating to the two dark years 1647-1649, carefully annotated and collated, but without superfluous comment. The very facts have tongues, and need no other. In the case of Sir Thomas Herbert's Memoirs we are given the original MS. lent by Mrs. Martin-Edmunds. Our only complaint is that Mr. Fea, for some incomprehensible reason, has chosen to modernise the picturesque seventeenth-century spelling; there is also a fly in the ointment of our satisfaction in the horrible word "photo" on p. 14*n*. But the permanent value of this book lies in the hundred and thirteen reproductions, some of them superb, of portraits, places and reliques connected with the King's wanderings and closing days. These plates, especially the tinted Vandyck as frontispiece, the printing and mould-made paper, are worthy of the Bodley Head publishing house. The binding, after the elaborate design on the Bible given by the King to Juxon, is effective; but we confess that these brass-blocked imitations on perishable lamb's-skin do not satisfy us. There is nothing like real leather and hand-tooling, let the cost be what it may. We suppose it is hopeless to ask for steel plates.

Mr. Fea, who has traced the flittings of the younger Charles after Worcester with similar care, pieces together here a careful itinerary and diurnal beginning with the escape from Oxford down to the silent obsequies in St. George's Chapel. Among the prettier touches we like best the picture of the King of England (household prayers having been read by his chaplain, Hudson, who came afterwards by a gruesomely tragic end while fighting for his master) sitting in his disguise round a fireplace at Huntingdon with his host and hostess and their children, townsfolk of the Cromwell family; or that of the old rector of Baldock in full canonicals and at the head of his parishioners, meeting the King and on bended knee offering him wine in the church chalice, as it was always offered at coronations to the English sovereigns, houselled of course in one kind only, until a hundred years before. The chalice is figured here. We do not notice any mention of the Bible, belonging to the Shirleys of Ettington, from which Juxon read St. Matthew xxvii. to the King just before his death, nor of a silk cap preserved at Stockton House, Wilts. Perhaps Mr. Fea has not seen a remarkable painting, belonging to Mr. Almack of 99 Gresham Street, representing the last upward glance on the scaffold, which the painter, Old Stone, witnessed. The blood-sprinkled vests and stool are shown, and mention is made amongst other things of a portrait of the King worked in his hair, soaked with blood, which belongs to the Shelley family. When the coffin was opened in 1813 the curling locks were found to have been cut off close to the severed head.

Of those dolorous things which went to weave the chaplet of sorrows it is the personal indignities and cruelties which strike our imagination most, but which one who was expecting the change to an incorruptible crown probably felt least. Hacker proposed to intrude a couple of musqueteers upon the King's last devotion and repose in his bedchamber. The two previous nights Charles, according to Lord Leicester, passed at Whitehall: which explains Hume's statement that he was disturbed by the hammering of the workmen engaged on the scaffold. His picked guards are reported to have used at the end unspeakable ruffianism towards his person. Such barbarities did not disturb that patient and kingly serenity, though he was moved when the regal etiquette of the table was forbidden; there is an earlier description too how "one Rolfe, who had before attempted to murder him, impudently (with his hat on) stepped up into the coach

to him; but his Majesty, with great courage, rose up and thrust him out, saying, 'It is not come to that yet; get you out'". This was as he was being taken from Carisbrooke to Hurst, a grim and lonely bastille, where the lapping of the water on the rocks and the hourly expectation of secret assassination would have depressed the stoutest courage. "This is a place fit for such a purpose", he said to Herbert. At Carisbrooke Firebrace burst in one night upon his master entreating him to escape from instant murder. That he might at any moment have been done to death at Hampton Court there can be, Mr. Morley observes, no doubt. He received daily billets warning him of his fate. The prisons of princes are not far from their graves. Those desolate December nights which the heir of Egbert passed in his chilly cell on the seashore saw Major-General Cromwell occupying "one of the King's rich beds at Whitehall". There it was he inked Marten's face as they signed the death-warrant. A little later it was his palace.

In that second quarter of century seventeen the profoundest controversies of religion and government are united with the deepest personal interest and utmost picturesqueness of incident. The story of Mary Stuart is as romantic as that of her grandson, but the philosophic issues are less perennial. The theological problems of the mid-sixteenth century are of more universal import; but the English actors on that scene were for the most part third-rate. Nowhere do the absorbing interest of principle and the fascination of personality meet as in the conflict of Puritan and Cavalier. The fate of Charles I. "*Rex infelicissimus*", seems to comprise all the requirements of Aristotle's definition of tragedy. The terrible, wailing cry which went up from that great multitude of 30 January, 1649, helpless in the grip of an armed faction, still echoes in men's hearts. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum*. Here in this history of a royal stag pulled down by the pack is everything to feed emotion, pity, love and hatred. The mediæval period has "sad stories of the death of kings", but no Plantagenet was ever "desired" with such wistful devotion as was and is the elder Charles. Think of that account of Lord Capel's execution in Palace Yard, how as he knelt at the block he kissed the axe, forgetting his own doom, because it had been stained with blood not only "innocent" but "sacred". A man is seldom hero or saint to his body-servant, or to his wife either. But Ashburnham's and Herbert's thoughts towards their master were formed in no haze of idealism; and Henrietta Maria, the "deare Heart" of the letters, though she could petulantly reproach her husband with his scrupulousness—"as long as the Parliament lasts you are no King for me; farewell for ever"—remembered in after years his chivalrous forbearance. "Never", she said, referring to her betrayal of the design to impeach the Five Members, "did he treat me with less kindness than before, though I had ruined him". Clarendon recalls the loyal love which Charles inspired in those who were closest to him. And Macaulay himself is sympathetic in the words he puts into the mouth of Cowley: "Never was there a more gracious prince or a more proper gentleman. In every pleasure he was temperate, in conversation mild and grave, in friendship constant, to his servants liberal, to his queen faithful and loving, in battle brave, in sorrow and captivity resolved, in death most Christian and forgiving." His virtues, it may be objected, had a touch of femininity. The same charge has been brought against Christianity. Possibly John Bull's character would be more complete and lovable with the addition of this touch. Cromwell, says Mr. Morley, "was an Englishman all over". But are there not Englishmen and Englishmen? The Confessor was regarded by mediæval England as its national type—nothing very resolute and coarse-fibred there. There are two strains in our breeding, two ideals and views of life. They countered and clashed with singularly little self-seeking on either side, in 1642. The struggle was inevitable ever since the Tudor revolution. Ours is a materialist, that was a spiritualist, age. To watch the Armageddon between Root and Branch and Thorough leaves us less self-satisfied. Puritanism has had ample justice done to it. And

* "Memoirs of the Martyr King." By Allan Fea. London: Lane. 1904. Limited edition. £5 5*s*. net.

now again it is felt that without the authority of the historic continuity of the Catholic and monarchical ideal, with its high æsthetic appeal, national life would be a poor thing. The higher conception of government is reasserting itself. The Benthamite view of kingship as an instrument of political convenience based on the Act of Settlement does not satisfy. Social compact ideas of State or of Church are found shallow and untrue to facts. Human society, after all, has a mystical basis. It is from God.

What Stubbs then calls the "sad inheritance" of Charles I. was the working out of the question whether authority is from above or from below, patriarchal or by consent. Again, there must be sovereignty. The Whig idea of a balance of powers and rights is exploded. Was sovereignty to lie with King or with Commons? The old charge against Charles of tyrannous illegality has now shifted right round to that of blind adherence to the black-letter of the law and—however Stuart whips may have replaced Tudor scorpions—to the forms of the later mediæval constitution, when a less stubborn statesmanship, a better measurement of forces, would have perceived that the old bottles of paternal governance would not hold in the new fermenting wine of individualism and popular independence. Imperious Queen Bess ruled England, much to its satisfaction, almost wholly without parliaments; King Harry on the "off with his head" principle. But the Reformation doctrine of revolt had not then found its legs or its strength. The monarchy might have continued awhile, however, on the former lines of indefeasible prerogative. The real struggle was round ecclesiastical polity. The parliament, says Mr. Morley, "true to English traditions and instinct, insisted", against prelatist and presbyterian alike, "that all church government was of human institution and depended on the will of the magistrate". It was as protest against this "English" doctrine that the King of England, following to the scaffold the Archbishop of Canterbury, gave his life. Whatever on other matters his indecisions, the moves and withdrawals on the chessboard of the older statecraft, the hesitations of an idealist who "finem respicit Domini" but cannot see clearly the means thereto, the doublings finally of the hunted hare, on this subject Charles' conscience was rigid. He was the anointed and vowed defender of the faith.

The covenanting Church which this Parliament aimed at forcing upon every subject of the Crown, Irish as well as British, was not the apostolic fellowship. What Mr. Morley calls the "aggressions of the Commons upon the old church order" went far beyond legal disestablishment of prelacy. Cromwell proposed that episcopal jurisdiction and power to ordain should be transferred to lay parliamentary commissions. We should thus, the King wrote to Henderson, "deprive ourselves of a lawful priesthood, and then how the sacraments can be duly administered is easy to judge". Christ's kingdom was not democratic, and "papacy in a multitude may be as dangerous as in one". The King, writes Mr. Morley, "was as sure as Cromwell that he was serving divine purposes and upholding things divinely instituted. He was as unyielding in fidelity to his standards of personal duty and national well-being. He was as patient in facing the ceaseless buffets and misadventures that were at last to sweep him down the cataract". It was a new thing, this passionate piety towards "my Mother the Church of England". At last, after the Tudor unsettlement, it was shown that for the conception of a reformed Catholicism the highest and noblest would stoop to drain the bitter cup. That Charles was a martyr for Church principles and by his death saved them for the future our great modern historians are agreed. His memory became the battle-cry of the Tractarians. It has been left to some degenerate successors of theirs and a certain sort of Whig-Conservatives, to disparage it. One might suppose they had a King to die for the good cause as a common occurrence. Yet, except Anne, the Ecclesia Anglicana has had no "bona fide Churchman" as her supreme governor for two centuries and a half. "His Majestie told me", writes Warwick, "that he should be like a captain that defended a place well, 'till I make some stone in this

building my tombstone. And so will I do' (says he) 'by the Church of England'".

"Leave off your fooling and come down, sir." Thus Cromwell, hat on head, shouted to the vicar-choral saying choir prayers at Ely. The cathedral was wanted for stable or barrack. Revolutions always turn either to barrack or barricade. Oliver was in turn driver and drudge of his prætorians. The major-generals, his son told Ludlow, made at last a very kickshaw of his highness. "Wherever force was useless", says Mr. Morley candidly, "Cromwell failed". We have never understood what that adroit and plausible publicist, Lord Rosebery, man of pretty words and petty deeds, admires in the great rugged anti-prater, who governed by delation, terrorism and a military syndicate, that he should have set up, with its back to Westminster Hall, the graven image of Brute Force, for England to worship. The Dictator, in cold blood, gave several thousand guiltless Irishmen and Irishwomen to the sword and the flame. He sold freeborn Englishmen, prisoners of war, into West Indian slavery. He gagged the press. He set his bravoes to rabble the sacred Commons. He held the popular will in contempt. "The question is, what's for their good, not what pleases them", he said. We much fear this rude man would not have been a Roseberyite. Rightly, we no longer crudely set Oliver down as a mere scheming hypocrite; but the God-fearing simplicity idea of him is still more out of date. Gardiner, his descendant, speaks of the "great gulf" separating our revised estimate of the Puritan revolution from that of the Liberal historians of forty years ago. The fierce bright light of investigation has not only beaten on thrones.

A CHRISTMAS MYSTERY.

WHEN did the English people best keep their Christmas? Was it in the age of faith, when men rode a-crusading and the mystery play was a high office of the Church? Or was it the darker days of the war of the Roses, when the whole Christian Church was in decay, when Rachel was again weeping for her children, when heresy and witchcraft grew daily more fearful, and yet men and women composed and sung the sweetest carols that our land has ever known? Regard then the two scenes. The bells are ringing for Noel and the burgher folks are crowding into the nave of their largest church, where the clerks are celebrating the mysteries of the prophets of Christ. As they loll against the Norman arches and gaze at the chancel, they see two of the naughtiest of the lads of the school standing at the top of the nave clad in strange raiment. These lads the aquæ bajulus says are for the nonce the Jew and the heathen, whose wicked unbelief is soon to be made trenchantly manifest. The burghers are glad, especially so far as the Jew is concerned. They love him not, for has he not a hard grip on all Christian folk, be they abbots or lords, or burghers or villeins? And now the procession of clerks is moving into the chancel. Rich and wondrous are the vestments that they wear. From the cathedral the sacristan whispers all the superfluous choir copes have been borrowed for the mystery. Some of the figures are however a little comical, notably the man with the crown. The word passes round that he is the cruel Soldan of Babylon, Nabuchodnosor, and then other guesses are made at other characters. And, as the sacristan is assuring them that Jacob and Moses and King David and certain good heathen folk like Vergil and the Sibyl are all here to bear their testimony against the wicked Jew, the clerks in the choir rise and the plain-song chant begins:

"Omnes gentes
Congaudentes
Dent cantum lætitiæ!
Deus homo
Fit, de domo
David natus hodie."

They sit down all save the Precentor who turns to the Jew and chants:

"O Judæi,
Verbum Dei
Qui negatis, hominem

Vestræ legis,
Testem regis,
Audite per ordinem !"

A similar allocution to the heathen, and our Precentor duly calls Jacob, and Moses, and Isaias, and Daniel and David and the holy Elisabeth and the blessed Simeon and S. John the Baptist and each chants a scriptural testimony to the Saviour.

The Soldan Nabuchodnosor is now summoned to give his testimony. If his appearance is strange his chant is grave.

"Cum revisi
Tres quos misi
Viros in incendium,
Vidi justis
Incombustis
Mistum Dei filium.
Viros tres in ignem misi,
Quantum cerno prolem Dei."

Then Vergil and the Sibyl bear witness for heathenesse. Our friend the burgher in the nave recks naught of the meaning of the words; but he feels that an irrefragable testimony against Jewish wickedness has been given; and, as the Precentor with a stern glance on the trembling Jew chants

"Judæa incredula
Cur manes inverecunda?"

the burgher murmurs something not over-polite anent those rulers who for love of gold suffer Jewries to be in Christian lands. Indeed it is almost a relief for him now to turn into the street and forget all about Shylock and the king and hark to the merry jongleur, whom the sacristan has barred from the church, singing of the good drinking that Christmas loves, of the wines of Gascony and Anjou and the good ale of England.

The scene and the century are changed. The star of Bethlehem is shining over a thicket where a wounded knight is writhing in pain. Behind is the village church and he has heard the bells ringing for the Christmas Mass. None has come that way to aid him in his dire perplexity, and he even half fears lest anyone should come, for the lord of that village and his followers are foes alike to him and to his king. Still as he hears the bells ring he wonders in a dreamy way how this church is decked. Have they made such a crib as they made when he was a boy in his church in that far-away village by the sea, where his moated manor-house still stands? Have their churchwardens paid six-and-eight-pence for the Christmas game, and are the vizards and dragons and the hobby-horse now in the churchyard? And how are the folks there decorating their houses? Is holly only in use or are they of the new-fangled sort, who set up boughs of mistletoe as well? A new throb of pain recalls him to his woeful plight as the bells cease. And so his thoughts turn to the sweet Babe and His Mother and S. Joseph and the ox and ass that keep guard over the crib. But four days ago he had thought how he would carry fire and sword through this land; now he feels he could give his manor and his knightly sword if he could but crawl into that church and die before the Holy Sacrament and the Blessed Babe. And now he sees it all clearly, the Priest and the Host and the crib and the kneeling folk. And he thinks that the Babe and the Mother are smiling on him and are telling the priest to bring him the viaticum.

And now the folks are pouring from the church. First walks the hunter and, as he walks, he brandishes his sword in his Lincoln green and sings of the boar that he slew whose head is now crowned with rosemary, and stands in the church house ready for the Christmas wassail.

"Truly to show that this is true
His head with my sword I slew,
To make this day to show mirth new
Now eat thereof anon."

The mummers and the pipers soon appear: but keep silent, until the priest who is bearing the viaticum to a sick peasant has walked right towards the thicket, his aquæ bajulus singing psalms and carrying a torch before, and the two churchwardens walking behind. As

they draw near the thicket a softer carol from the maidens' voices rises on the cold frosty air.

"This endrys night I saw a sight,
A Maid a cradle keep,
And ever she sung and said among,
Lullay my child and sleep."

So sweetly is it sung that the priest and his companions stand still and listen, and listening also is the sufferer in the wood, and as the last verse reaches him he feels almost light of heart.

"Nay, sweet son, since it is so,
That all thing is at thy will,
I pray thee grant me a boon, if it be
Both right and skylly,
That child or man
That will or can
Be merry upon my day
To bliss him bring
And I shall sing,
Lullay by by, lullay."

A groan sounds faintly from the thicket. The priest and the wardens are gazing on their wounded enemy. His eyes open as the priest is bending down, and he murmurs, "Our Lady has sent thee". A few moments more, and he has partaken of the Body of the Saviour. "He may yet live" whispers the aquæ bajulus, when the rite is over. "I know not", says the priest; "but if he should, though he hath been our enemy, he shall have sanctuary. My children", he adds, for the crowd has gathered around him, "ye know that in these days of Our Lord's Nativity the evil one often devises some means to take away our happiness. If we would baulk the foul fiend, let us do a work of mercy and so doing we shall make the Blessed Babe and Our Lady our advocates and defenders. Let us therefore show mercy to this man who has been our foe. For to-day there is peace on earth."

As he speaks tears run down the cheeks of hard archers who have sped the gray shafts of death on many a stricken field. And they bear their wounded foe gently on a litter to the church house, and the priest hastens to the sick bed, and the Bethlehem star shines on them as sweetly as on that first Christmas Day and the wounded man hears again the soft refrain

"Lullay, by by and sleep".

WINTER IN THE DALE.

AT the bottom of the valley, where the hills sink towards the plain and there is a breadth of twenty fields between their flanks, the winter sun strikes clear and warm, and a man may sit for half an hour without afterthoughts on a boulder by the beck-side, to watch the tearing water, the foam creaming and eddying on the chrysoprase pool, the dazzling fling of the spray against the light, the end of rainbow fading and brightening beneath the wall of black and dripping rock. But up at the head of the dale, beyond the last swamped pasture, beyond the farthest intake whose tumbled wall is lost in the bracken, where the crags draw together and a great shoulder of the fell closes the strath, the grey rime holds all the day and the higher slopes are patched and streaked with snow. It is a month since the sun last touched that hollow, and it will be Candlemas before it can again look over the crest of rock that bars the south. It is a short day, even for the wider reaches of the dale; looking back from that sunless recess an hour beyond noon, one sees the shadow already half way up the fell-side, and only one of the seven or eight homesteads of the valley still in the light. In another hour the dusk is thickening under the crags that wall in the narrow combe; the frost sharpens in the still air, and the sound of waters begins to deepen in the vacancy of night. Under the bluest noon of August the place would seem desolate, a waste corner, avoided or only crossed by its barely marked path as a way to kindlier hollows of the hills; but at this hour it has a power and meaning of its own. It ends in a sweeping hollow, like an amphitheatre, enclosed high up by rock-walls which seem almost to overhang, lower down by

glacis of grey screes, by slopes whose thin covering of grass slips and falls to show the drenched red soil beneath. In the bottom lies a confusion of shattered rock, out of which creep by little falls and pools and ice-edged caves the first tricklings of the valley-stream. The whole cave seems made as a funnel or bowl for the outpouring of the rain of the hills; the granite of the crag-walls is channelled by the storms of ages; the straight-strewn line of the screes, the tumbled boulders below them show the power of the rain, in trailing mist or bursting flood. The first welling-out of the water-courses among the bleached grass, the little pools that lengthen and run together among the green bog and the dark peat bogs, mean one thing—lapse, detritus, the wearing of the stones, the drawing down of æonian hills.

And if the wanderer turn away from the gloomy recess and look down the dale under the failing light, though for the moment the green fields mapped out orderly in their stone walls along the river-bottom and the white homesteads beneath their sheltering sycamore or fir give a cheerful sense of life, yet after a little time the impression of waste and wearing away may come with all the more force for the change of outlook. An autumn flood has tumbled the walling of the nearest fields and heaped them with spoil of sand and gravel: the two farms furthest up the valley are derelict, the barns and dwelling-house in roofless ruin, the gardens lost in weeds. Even the thriving holdings of the lower vale seem lost among the great plan of the folds and hollows of the hills; the life and works of men appear barely to make headway against the downward sweep and drift of the elements, maintaining with ceaseless labour the bounds set upon the wilderness. A little relaxation of the strife, a little more neglect of walls and dykes, river-bank and bridge; and the signs of man's invasion would vanish beneath his eyes.

There is a spirit of loneliness in the darkening comb which at such hours as this is not far from awe, the classic "horror". It is easy for a man of the right temper to feel that he is uninitiated, an intruder on the scene; and it is no unworthy instinct, a thing entirely free from any sort of physical dismay at elemental threatenings of dark or storm, which moves him to obey the warning, *Procul este profani*. It is time for the wanderer to get down to his own province again, to the trodden paths, the parcelled thwaites, the little grey-green roofs under the drift of the evening smoke. But though he turns back towards the society of men, he does not escape the spell of the barren solitude. The beck that roars down the valley, a hoarse dominant above the murmur of countless tributary runners and threaded falls, speaks still of waste and wear; the mountains that lift their tops above the nearer crags, uncouth shoulders and horns dark against the evening sky, give a sense of mere confusion and the aimless shaping of time; in the clearness of the west a white star glitters above the dun reek of the earth, a light which seems to express an inaccessible purity and calm, mocking the wasting tumult far below.

The footpath winds down the valley beside the beck, widening presently to a lane between stone walls and leading to a narrow high-crowned bridge and past the little white-walled church with its four or five headstones and as many unmarked mounds. And next it opens into a space of yard and fold, beyond which rises a low line of roofs, house and byre dark beneath a grove of sycamores. But the human neighbourhood does not overcome the oppression of waste and loss; the signs of man's handiwork only give it a larger range; the wearing down of the hills becomes a type of the passing away of the lives that move among them, of the effacing of vain endeavours, of the absorption of labour, generation after generation, into the thankless ground. The star that now hangs above the low-built roof seems even farther beyond it than it was beyond the swarthy earth-cloud; the decay of the rough-cast walls and warped timbering, the litter and foulness of the yard give the house a meanness and gracelessness which seem to affront the serene flame resting over it.

Beyond the dark house a streak of light shines from the half-open door of the byre; and the traveller, as he comes into the ray, turns as though by instinct from

the chill settling dusk towards the glow within. A lantern at the farther end shows dimly the shadowy roof-timbers and the rough masonry of the walls, outlines the dark mass of the hay-mow and touches out points of light on tools hanging on the beams. Nearer the light the cows lie in the bracken litter, filling the stall with the cloud of their breath; and beyond them, seen in vivid upward illumination from the low light, two figures show against the hollow gloom—a man, dark-faced and grey-haired, holding the lantern towards something on the ground, and a girl her profile traced a moment by the wavering flame, lost in shadow, and then, half turned and bent forwards, showing a pure sweetness of mouth and candid brow, a grace whose power is known at once and will not soon be lost.

That vision, seen a moment while the traveller pauses at the open door, seems to work a sudden change, restoring a forgotten element of the whole. The lull and warmth, the low light have a power above that of the unfriendly dark; the meaning of labour and patience in the rude walls and their store, the sudden guess of divinity in the human features have at once lifted the oppression of lapse and downfall; the beck brawling in the darkness has changed its voice and speaks of an eternal coming forth rather than of a passing away.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EAST LONDONERS AND IMPERIAL TARIFFS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 December 1904.

SIR,—Will you allow me to thank you very sincerely for the appreciation of the East End working-man contained in the article on "East London and Imperial Tariffs" in your issue of the 17th inst? It is pregnant with truth.

One wonders how such a low estimate of the East End toiler has got about as that which the writer of your article confesses to have been existent in his mind. It is very pleasing therefore to have him say with such obvious sincerity that "the demeanour of these thousands of East London working-men before the different aspects of the Fiscal question has both moral and political significance". I am concerned only with the moral significance, and I can certainly confirm his conclusion that, much as it happens to be the working-man's most vital interest, the consideration of the Fiscal policy in relation to his means of living does, by reason of his very uprightness of character, generally speaking, play a smaller part in his mind than the larger aspects of the question. I cannot but think that the East End working-man has to thank one of those agencies which are supposed to do so much for him for the prevalent low estimate of his character. I refer to the innumerable low-class missions which infest the East End. To these supposed friends of the working-man no statement is too divergent from the truth to use about him in their endeavours to keep up and swell their subscription lists. And what do they do with the money? They spend some of it—a great deal in the aggregate—in attempting to bribe the working-man to "come in", and the balance—still more in the aggregate—goes to "working expenses". The fact that so very few men do "come in" is confirmatory of the testimony of your article to the moral sturdiness of our men. But how often does it happen that a man is out of work or sick and is compelled by sheer necessity to make something, whatever the means may be, which offer themselves, to keep himself going and to feed the mouths dependent upon him? And what is the result? He is inveigled by a gift into the mission prompted by his sense of gratitude, goes there as long as he is paid, and, possibly, eventually settles down to draw what he can from it in return for his attendance. I have already said there are few of these, but of such as there are the downfall is complete. Their idea of religion becomes a degrading one, and their susceptibility to the spiritual influence which their true friends may try to bring to bear upon them is at a very low ebb.

Without hesitation I assert that these low-class missions, small as their influence is in extent, but great in its intensity against true religion, constitute one of the most demoralising forces in East London. They damn far more souls than they save. Indeed it is not the soul of the working-man they want; it is the subscription of the well-to-do, and for this purpose all they would seem to have to do is to shriek about total abstinence and run down the generality of working-men.

Yours faithfully,

AN EAST END PARSON.

P.S.—By "mission", Sir, I mean a room or building rented or owned by a man who lives, possibly, far far away from it, and who works it either independently or, not impossibly, under the name of some sect.

[If our correspondent will re-read the article to which he refers, he will see that he is not correct in attributing to us a confessedly low view of East London working-men. We spoke of the common view of them. We happen to know them from personal experience and we take anything but a low view of these men. We concur wholly in his strictures on small private "missions".—Ed. S.R.]

HOLIDAY VISITS FOR THE LONDON CHILD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Constitutional Club, W.C.

SIR,—In the course of a letter published in the last issue of your admirable journal, Mr. Edward Houghton suggests an excellent piece of counsel which hosts and hostesses might give to little guests of the Christmas Guest Guild on parting from them. They are advised to counsel the little ones to give their own children, if they ever have them, good and happy homes. This is excellent; and, even failing Mr. Houghton's suggestion, it is probable that those who are able to entertain these little strangers would have given them all the good advice possible in the circumstances. But Mr. Houghton maintains that this counsel will "convert a social danger into an opportunity"; the danger being that London's poor children "may grow up in the idea that such entertainment is their social due". . . . With deference to Mr. Houghton, Sir, I take leave to say that this is absurd, and a surprising suggestion to come from one who should know. Can anyone seriously imagine for a moment the little ones, to whom "Standard" readers are to give entertainment this Christmas, growing later on to demand invitations from society as their "social due"? The thing is preposterous. Neither the poor little mites themselves, nor their toiling parents, ever dreamed of affirming even that it was their "social due" to be preserved from actual starvation, at Christmas or any other time. Notions of this kind, if they ever gained credence, which I trust they never will, in England, would tend to benumb and paralyse the kindest and noblest impulses of our race, which this Christmas Guest Guild is admirably calculated to foster and enlarge.

Yours, &c.

A. J. DAWSON.

CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES WHEAT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 December, 1904.

SIR,—There is evidence in the late reports from Canada of some little irritation there at the position apparently assumed by free traders here, that Canadian preference is to be bought at the expense of the consumers and workers of the United Kingdom. Since the present crop of wheat was harvested the producers in Manitoba have been receiving from 18 to 22 cents a bushel less for their product than the Minnesota farmers have been receiving for their wheat. The two public exchanges of Winnipeg and Duluth, of which market reports are published daily, represent the same kind of wheat, and as an example, the market price for December delivery at Winnipeg closed on 18 November at 94½ cents, while the closing price at Duluth was \$1.15½ per bushel. The average

difference throughout has been about 20 cents per bushel, which is equal to 6s. 8d. per quarter. The United States duty of 25 cents a bushel prohibits this wheat from getting the benefit of the more valuable home market of the United States, and it must therefore be sold at a price which shippers can afford to pay for it and sell it in Liverpool and Mark Lane. It must be apparent that this Canadian surplus is assisting in making the price of the cheap loaf for consumers here, and in the face of that fact would it be too much to ask you to use your influence to restrain gentlemen opposed to preference and unfamiliar with the Canadian position from making aspersions reflecting on Canada? Canadians may be compelled to take up reciprocity as a national question. The present proposition of the United States does not mend matters. Their millers are to be permitted to grind Canadian wheat, but the flour must be exported, consequently they can only pay the export price for that wheat.

Yours, &c.

CANADIAN IN ENGLAND.

MORTALITY AND WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.,

26 November, 1904.

SIR,—Statistics just published by the United States Government give the number of persons killed by the railroads of this country, during 1903, as 9,984, and during the last ten years, 78,152. Observe that these figures record the killed only: to get some idea of the maimed one would have to multiply them by five, perhaps ten or even more, as one frequently reads of accidents with thirty or forty wounded and none killed. And still further observe that they refer to steam railways only; street-car lines would probably add nearly, if not quite, as large a total. And elevators and other machinery, mine explosions, &c., another vast total; nine-tenths of which are the result of gross carelessness, added to the callous indifference to the loss of human life so characteristic of the people of this country, supplemented by the passion for cheapness and make-shiftiness which animates them. And yet there are plenty of people, especially in America, who get hysterical over the horrors of warfare! Warfare as regards any one people is an intermittent incident only, but this slaughter of the innocents is constant, indeed is steadily increasing every year, and includes the aged, women and children.

Again, warfare has redeeming features, it brings to the surface some of the highest qualities of the human head and heart, as Ruskin observed, such as heroism, devotion, duty, self-sacrifice, courage, patriotism, and is a general stimulus to a people's powers, physical, moral and mental. On the other hand this needless slaughter has no saving trait that I can perceive, unless it be to encourage faith in God. The true figures giving the number of those killed and wounded in this country, under all counts, must be something appalling. They must exceed a hundred-, perhaps a thousand-, fold those killed in any warfare ever waged upon earth. And by way of contrast I see that the English railways, last year, did not kill a single passenger. I have no wish to encourage warfare but people should learn to view things correctly, with a properly balanced mind, and without prejudice.

Yours truly,

A. K. VENNING.

AMERICAN GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 December, 1904.

SIR,—A recent very interesting and pertinent article in your paper respecting certain grammatical errors in the habitual use of English words, has emboldened me to offer you my protest against a still more common and also more flagrant abuse of the language by both English and American writers, as well as in ordinary speech.

An American myself, I have for years attempted to call public attention to this fault; but American editors, with two exceptions, have refused to publish

my articles on the subject, giving, as excuse, their dictum that "usage" is to decide in such cases, and "usage" has accepted the form of which I complain. As though there were no definite rules in English grammar, and no necessity for a sentence to convey meaning!

Of the two exceptions, the first was a woman-editor, the late Miss Kate Field, in whose "Washington" paper I was welcome to air my grievance in prose and verse; the second was, and is, the editor of "The Truth Seeker" (New York), a paper which lives up to its name; but being a freethinkers' organ, is not fully appreciated by the orthodox who, as yet, constitute the nominal majority of citizens. The grammatical mistake to which I allude is the use of "had", instead of "would", in connexion with "rather" and "better" ("had rather", "had better", instead of "would rather", "would better"), a mistake evidently arising from elision in the tense, after the pronoun ("I'd", "you'd", "he'd", &c.), and fatal to the connexion, as it cannot be parsed and has no sense. To analyse such a sentence is to detect the error. "I had rather go", "You had better wait", "They had better be"; who can parse "had go", "had wait", "had be", and what do such expressions mean? Whereas, with "would", the transposition does not affect the meaning and the tense is correct. It is true that the evil is of long standing and that the majority of educated people, including justly celebrated authors, in every generation are guilty of the solecism: natives, to the manner born, can understand a corrupt sentence and go to their graves innocent, because ignorant, of the insult to their mother-tongue; but nowadays, when the English language is spreading everywhere, and English literature is passing under critical review by learned foreigners, it is high time that we take heed to our ways in speaking and in writing and see to it that we offer to the world only "English undefiled". For we need not flatter ourselves that this most heinous offence is unnoticed or ignored by strangers. On the contrary, it is the chief stumbling-block to foreign readers, and a matter of astonishment that noted authors can be so careless of their reputation and so contemptuous of the requirements of a faultless style.

Of late a few English novels (at least in the "Tauchnitz" reprint) have appeared to recognise the difficulty by adding "ld" to the elision, where "could" or "would" is implied in connexion with "rather" or "better"; but perhaps on the very next occasion the detestable "had" is again employed. The argument that "usage" determines propriety in such cases has no force when one remembers how many expressions in the language are become obsolete because they were ungrammatical. And this one is the worst of all! It cannot be parsed.

It is as bad as bad can be; whether uttered with the American "nasal twang", or in English gutturals, and is entirely without excuse when deliberately recorded by the pen of an author under any sky.

ELIZABETH E. EVANS.

[I "had rather" is quite good English.—ED. S.R.]

"COMMENCED AUTHOR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 27 November.

SIR,—In your note to a letter in your issue of 26 November you state that the phrase "he commenced author" is not English at all. Will you allow me to point out that in the eighteenth century, it was thought not only English but good English, for it was a favourite expression of Dr. Johnson's? He says of Akenside "he first commenced physician at Northampton" and uses the same phrase about Sir Richard Blackmore. He also says of Young "whether he ever commenced tutor is uncertain" (see "Lives of the English Poets").

The expression seems to have been not uncommon in the eighteenth century, though it afterwards went out of use, till latterly revived. Whether this old phrase is an English emigrant returned from America I will not venture to say.

Your obedient Servant,

J. F. P.

REVIEWS.

AN ANCIENT WAY.

"The Old Road." By H. Belloc. With Illustrations by William Hyde. London: Constable. 1904. 31s. 6d. net.

WHATEVER may be his immediate subject, Mr. Belloc is always and above all things an impressionist. When, for instance, he tells us twice over, once directly, and once by setting us a sum in subtraction, that Becket was murdered in 1174, instead of in 1170, or when he describes a well-known work on the Pilgrims' Way by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady) as "Mrs. Aidie's book" in his single reference to it, the slip only causes a momentary irritation. It is careless, no doubt, but the man is an impressionist and there is an end of it. And it is this same quality, whatever may be its defects, which gives charm and value to this book of his on "The Old Road". He is a first-hand observer and reflects clearly and truly the impressions left on his own mind by what he sees. In a certain sense, his book is a companion picture to his "Path to Rome", but only in the sense in which the pictorial "Contrasts" of A. W. Pugin, some threescore years ago, were companion pictures. One work records his impressions as a pilgrim to the Limina Apostolorum, the other as a pilgrim to the desecrated shrine of S. Thomas of Canterbury. He holds devoutly to the "Old Faith", and the contrast between the joyousness, beauty and nobility of pre-Reformation works and ways and the gloom, hideousness and vulgarity of English art and life wherever the modern spirit can work its wicked will, sickens him with a loathing unutterable. This keynote is struck throughout the volume at intervals, but it is not till we reach the sombre and impressive anticlimax at the close that we fully realise the tone and temper in which the whole has been written.

"The Old Road" itself remains a mystery. That once upon a time a "Way" did actually run, not in a straight line but in a fairly regular arc determined by the geography of southern Britain, from Reculver in the east of Kent some three hundred miles to Sennen and the Land's End in the west of Cornwall, seems certain; and no less certain is it that the circle at Stonehenge was a sort of sacred half-way house upon the journey to and fro. With the western half of this long way we are not here concerned, nor indeed with the first great section of it eastward from Stonehenge to Farnham, known as the Harrow Way. It is only from Farnham to Canterbury, crossing the Wey, the Mole, the Darent, the Medway, and the Stour, that Mr. Belloc's red line maps out the original road. But of what relative antiquity is this long stretch of primitive highway? Stonehenge at latest, as is now generally agreed, belongs to the transition period between the Neolithic and Bronze Ages. But the road to Stonehenge must be earlier than Stonehenge itself, and as the forefathers of its builders almost certainly crossed the Channel where it is easiest to cross, it is difficult to avoid the inference that this portion of the road is really a monument of the Neolithic Age itself. The portion between Winchester and Farnham is probably of somewhat less archaic antiquity—indeed, the old name of Winchester, Venta Belgarum, countenances the inference that it may have been founded by the Belgic tribes whom Cæsar tells us were in his day comparatively recent settlers in the island. In this case, the road along this portion of its distance would probably date back to some period in the later Iron Age. It is a moot point whether the Belgæ settled first in Hampshire or in Kent, but that the two settlements were approximately coeval there can be little question. This circumstance, indeed, perhaps more than any other, lends a special point and significance to Mr. Belloc's delimitation of the Old Road. The Pilgrims' Way represents the first line of intercommunication between the two Belgic settlements. Until the immigrants had reached their horizon inland, they were practically cut off from one another, their only intercourse for purposes of war or commerce being carried on either by sea or by a narrow and precarious pathway on the edge of the coast-line. From Ports-

mouth, or maybe in those days, from Pagham on the west as far as Lympne in Kent on the east, although there were sundry not infrequented minor havens, yet inland for the whole length of Sussex and beyond at each end, stretched, forbidding and impassable, the dark forest of Anderida well nigh up to the margin of the Old Road itself. "Forest" in every semi-civilised land is ever a word of fear, but the Andredsweald was far more formidable than a mere forest. The outskirts and large tracts, especially on the western and the northern part of the eastern ends, were mainly rough woodland, but the heart of the forest—the wide Sussex Weald and the south-western fringe of Kent—were a real "Black Country" of the later prehistoric Iron Age, sparsely dotted in some parts, more thickly dotted in others, with forges and furnaces and banks of slag by the mine-pits wherever a favourable patch of the Wadhurst clay with its double layer of invaluable nodular red ironstone came to the surface or within easily workable distance of it. "Iron", says Cæsar, obviously referring to the Weald, "is produced in the seaboard districts, but in no great quantity". Limited, however, as the output may have been, the area over which the industry was scattered was large, and it is safe to infer that the mining population was not Belgic. In all likelihood they or their fathers had tramped along the primitive track from the far west of Britain, metal-workers attracted eastward by the falling off of the old tin and copper industries in Cornwall and the rise and growth of the Sussex ironworks. But their labour, like the fuel timber of the forest and the ironstone of the soil, was exploited by the Belgic manufacturer and merchant. Plentiful as are the indigenous British coins of the age immediately following the advent of the first Roman to our shores that have been found along all the selvages of the Andredsweald, not one is recorded from the forest itself. The currency in iron bars noted by Cæsar was that of the iron district, and it may well be that the savage rather than semi-barbaric customs with which he credits the Britons of the interior were those of the iron-working communities in the wealds. On the whole, we may regard the early settlements in Hampshire and Kent as the two piers of an arch formed by Mr. Belloc's Old Road. Not till piers and arch were consolidated could the work of the superstructure—the occupation of south-eastern Britain generally—be really commenced. The Old Road for the first time enabled the immigrants to present a united front towards the interior along a continuous base-line, and to pursue by peaceful means or warlike their further gradual encroachments inland. This it is which confers upon the Old Road from Winchester to Canterbury its special importance as a qualifying factor in our early history. This, too, it is which, apart from its ulterior aim, and apart from its striking literary charm, stamps Mr. Belloc's volume as one of solid and permanent value. Superfluities notwithstanding, it is the result of original research in a comparatively untrodden field of prehistoric archaeology.

Mr. Hyde's illustrations are for the most part excellent, but some even of the best are more or less marred by a disregard of the difference of scale in depth of shadow demanded by land and sky respectively when rendered in black and white. Another tendency, shared by most landscape artists, is to exaggerate enormously the apparent size of the pictorial sun and moon. The lovely picture opposite page 6, for instance, suffers sorely from the heaviness of the clouds that confuse the outline of the tower at Winchester; and S. Catherine's chapel opposite is lamentably dwarfed by the huge meteor which usurps the place of a quarter-moon. Mr. Hyde is so able and so keenly sympathetic an artist that we feel we have a right to be vexed when he allows fallacies of the kind to prevent his reaching his own highest mark.

THE ENFANT TERRIBLE OF TRACTARIANISM.

"Hurrell Froude." By Louise Imogen Guiney. London: Methuen. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

THE title may seem to fit Ideal Ward better than Froude the "bright and beautiful". On the day of the publication of Froude's "Remains" in 1838 Isaac Williams and Copeland, going into Parker's shop,

were startled to see Ward, the chief opponent of the movement, sitting much affected with the book in his hands. "From that time", he wrote to Dr. Pusey, "began my inclination to see Truth where I trust it is". He told his friends in the Balliol common-room: "This is what I have been looking for. Here is a man who knows what he means and says it!" Ward outdid his dead teacher, a finer spirit than himself, in the vein of amusing intransigence and logical remorselessness. But even his "Ideal of a Christian Church" had not the succès de scandale of the "Remains". For the editors were Keble and Newman, instigated to their task by the grave and humble Williams, and the contents were such as to make the British public's flesh creep, so many idols of the market-place did it break in pieces. "Odious Protestantism", "hateful Reformation", the Reformers rationalists, Jewel "an irreverent dissenter", Latimer "something in the Bulteel line", Luther an heresiarch and upholder of polygamy, the Tudor settlement a badly-set bone which must be broken and set over again, anti-Christ not the Pope but Whiggery, the nonjurors the last orthodox English divines, the House of Hanover usurpers, our civil and religious liberties a humbug, our happy constitution in Church and State an unconstitutional Erastian oppression from which the spouse of Christ, united to the State as Israel was united to Egypt, must at any cost break free, our toleration a lazy disloyalty, our national virtues unlovely and non-Christian, our Reform Bill a surrender to the mob and our enthusiasm for our African brother a sentimental cant—when these and like observations appeared in print, the anger of foes was only equalled by the dismay of friends. Samuel Wilberforce wrote in his diary that the "Remains" would exceedingly discredit Church principles. Gladstone was "indignant". Arnold called the book impudent. Questions were asked in the Commons. The Martyrs' Memorial was erected at Oxford as an immediate answer to the attack on their memory. Not that Froude—who reproached modern Romanism too—said anything in his fiery and impetuous way which has not been said since in more discreet and balanced language by decorous dignitaries and historians of repute. If Froude left any t's uncrossed, the omission was supplied by Coleridge, afterwards C.J. and plebi-culturist. Church blames Froude's intemperate and reckless judgments. Yet, he remarks, "it is safe to say that the divines of the Reformation never can be again, with their confessed Calvinism, with their shifting opinions, their extravagant deference to the foreign oracles of Geneva and Zürich, their subservience to bad men in power, the heroes and saints of Churchmen". And other formulæ, ecclesiastical political, of the Hanoverian era are now rather fly-blown. However Froude's slashing paradoxes and disdainful flippancy, as audacious as his riding in the hunting-field, shocked every well-regulated mind. The Movement had begun as a solid respectable protest, adhered to in half the parsonages of England, against an irreligious Church-subverting Liberalism, and now in mid-career the ship's crew had run up the piratical black flag, whereby all might see their true intentions. What was worse in the eyes of the British public, the writer of the "Remains" was clearly a saint, who practised secret austerities and carried a fantastic religious conscientiousness into the minutest affairs of life, whereas everyone knows that saints belong to the dark ages and were done away with long ago. Then he was a high Tory who poked fun at moderate Conservatives and declared himself a Radical, a fastidious English gentleman who talked loftily of the pampered rich and desired to cast the Church upon the Christi pauperes, an idealist who did not see why a priest should know Greek or wear broadcloth yet railed at the idea of a Greekless M.P. of the new smug and wealthy manufacturing kind, an intellectual aristocrat who held it the privilege of ignorance to be ruled, yet who proposed to reconvert England to the faith by an army of itinerant enthusiasts. What was wanted was a general earthquake. Yet the old manorial hall of his childish memories, with its immemorial elms and cultured leisure, made the young cavalier sigh to think of the necessity of re-erecting the Church by demolishing so much that was fair and gracious. Truly a dangerous

person, one who simultaneously laughed, with the *spis* of Aristotle's great-souled man, at progress and the march of mind and rudely attacked the strongholds of established philistinism, yet tender, humble and winning in the esoteric circle of his friends.

What made Keble and Newman publish these papers, never meant to reach the public eye, of their dead comrade who, the Barnabas to Newman's Saul, had brought them together and made them understand each other? By resolving to print they burnt the boats of Tractarianism. The author of the "Christian Year", to be sure, like the still more retiring author of the "Baptistery" and "Cathedral", shared with Newman, and in fact communicated to him, a prophetic fierceness against Liberalism and the modern spirit. The dates 1531, 1649, 1688 and 1832 represented between them the revolt against God and His Church. The editors of the "Remains" were in full sympathy with "Froudisim". Without wholly approving his rapturous insouciance, his biting irony, his eager acceptance of the enemy's nicknames or his terrible consistency, they agreed with the maxim, First rouse, then modify—rouse, not by appeals to sentiment and unreality, but by an austere spirituality and logical driving home of premisses. Still "conspirators" do not usually edit their minutes. John Anthony Froude declared the publication of the "Remains" to be the greatest injury ever done to his brother's memory, a brother "on the whole the most remarkable man I have ever met in my life". Why then this suicidal slap in the face of the British public? Why this red rag waved before John Bull? The editors, writes Dean Church, "seem to have expected that the picture which they presented of their friend's transparent sincerity and singleness of aim, manifested amid so much pain and self-abasement, would have touched readers more". They also gave the public credit for some sense of humour and ability to distinguish between the playful exaggerations of private letter-writing and the deliberate rancour of a public firebrand. Certainly they were very simple. And yet the memory of their Lycidas is fragrant after seventy years. Plainly, says his lady-editor, whose observations are both piquant and scholarly, Froude was impossible to be understood of the people. He was a radiant aurora not a fixed star. When she says that the "Remains" is "almost the first among modern English books to expose what is sacredly private" she may have forgotten Johnson's pathetic "Prayer and Meditations". Johnson's Good Friday bun and Whitefield's "sage tea without sugar and coarse bread" might have kept Sir James Stephen from ridiculing the jottings in Froude's diary—it was an age of diaries—about the details of self-denial. He actually in the "Edinburgh" contrasted Froude's asceticism with Whitefield's more manly type. Had he forgotten—"I thought it unbecoming a penitent to have his hair powdered. I wore woollen gloves, a patched gown and dirty shoes . . . I resolutely persisted in these voluntary acts of self-denial because I found them great promoters of the spiritual life"? It is odd that friends of Froude speak variously of his sunny cheerfulness and his deep melancholy. On his "white shield of expectation" no achievement was blazoned, yet Newman called him the author of the Oxford Movement. His own jest was that Keble supplied the fire and he merely poked it.

LADYSMITH AND BLOEMFONTEIN.

"The History of the Boer War." Vol. II. By F. H. E. Cunliffe. London: Methuen. 1904. 15s.

THE second volume of Mr. Cunliffe's book is one of the best military histories we have seen for a long time. It is really wonderful that a civilian should be able to grasp all the military points and avoid mistakes as to the true meaning of technical terms. In this respect the second volume is infinitely more satisfactory than the first. The care which has been taken throughout is most commendable, and the author has evidently studied every document and book which could possibly throw light on the complicated subject of which he has undertaken to become the historian. He seems to have

had access to all kinds of official documents, of which he has made the best possible use. But though the book shows how carefully facts have been drawn from all sources, official and otherwise, the story is not told in a laboured manner; and it flows on as if the author had merely been writing a novel which necessitated no research. He has perhaps overlooked one point. The book contains a number of maps of the different engagements and incidents of the campaign with which Mr. Cunliffe deals. But no map of the whole theatre of operations, connected with Lord Roberts' advance on Bloemfontein, has been presented. This makes the story somewhat difficult to follow, and the strategy hard to appreciate, if the reader relied solely on the materials which are supplied to him in the course of the book.

The first volume of Mr. Cunliffe's work dealt with the opening stages of the war, with Sir Redvers Buller's campaign in Natal, and with Lord Methuen's efforts to relieve Kimberley; the second volume begins with a detailed account of the siege of Ladysmith, and then follows Lord Roberts' fortunes during the earlier stages of his operations leading to the occupation of Bloemfontein. Mr. Cunliffe's criticisms throughout are most fair and judicial. He deals at considerable length with the much-discussed transport question in all the bearings of that intricate subject. When Lord Roberts arrived in South Africa, the transport was distributed according to the original plan of advancing by the three lines of railway—Capetown, Port Elizabeth and East London. But owing to the new strategical plan, it was necessary to concentrate at Orange River Bridge. Needless to say much labour was entailed in effecting this change; and though this plan was arranged by Lord Roberts and Kitchener on the voyage to South Africa, its actual execution was carried out by Sir William Nicholson. Hitherto the transport in South Africa had been organised on the regimental system, as contemplated by the War Office. By this, ammunition, stores, two or three days' rations &c. were carried by waggons permanently attached to regiments, and looked after by regimental transport officers. The advantage of this was that, apart from this system being known to all concerned, it ensured that all ranks of units took a direct interest in the efficiency of their regimental transport, since upon its efficacy they depended for everything. The greater portion of the supplies behind depended of course upon the Army Service Corps. Neither Lord Roberts nor Lord Kitchener seems to have realised, through want of familiarity with its working, that the regimental system was merely a funnel of supply from the convoy behind, or how in practice the system worked, although at any rate Lord Roberts, having been Commander-in-Chief in Ireland for four years, should have understood it. However, instead of this system the departmental was adopted, which necessitated the "pooling" of the transport, the reducing of the amount distributed amongst units to as low an ebb as possible, and the collection of the remainder under the central control of the transport department. Lord Roberts himself maintained that, whilst regimental officers were amateurs in such matters, the Army Service Corps officers were experts. Yet in the result this was far from what appeared. Owing to the stress of circumstances, and the shortage of experienced Army Service Corps officers, a large number of amateurs were called upon to perform far more arduous and complicated tasks than the so-called amateur regimental transport officers would have had to face. The transport was consequently organised into large companies, which in the end did not diminish the amount of transport, did not lend themselves easily to distribution amongst the forces, and did not on the whole achieve satisfactory results.

Lord Roberts' choice of route for his advance upon Bloemfontein is dealt with at length, and again in the most fair and impartial manner. It is true that on arrival at Bloemfontein Lord Roberts' army was virtually demobilised; and this has been made the basis of a general condemnation of his entire plan, as compared with the advantages of the direct route via Norval's Poot through Cape Colony and the Free State. The latter had certainly some advantages. Supplies could have been brought up more easily along the central railway, and facilities would have been afforded

for the concentration of stores and magazines. But on the other hand we must look to the circumstances of the moment. The Modder route afforded opportunities for surprise, the country traversed was comparatively open, the enemy's strategic position was vulnerable, and the need for the relief of Kimberley appeared at the time imperative; all these circumstances afforded a more favourable opportunity of striking a really decisive blow than did the route via Norval's Pont. Moreover at that time such a blow was urgently needed in order that our prestige might be restored. In the issue, too, it cannot be said that the result was disappointing. The effect of Cronje's capture at least was far reaching; and by the time Bloemfontein had been occupied, the situation had been changed, and the initiative for the first time rested upon us. Would these results have most certainly been achieved by the other plan? It might have been so. But much hung on the issue of the first encounter: and even by the direct route the losses might have been heavy. On the whole then it would appear as if a discussion on the advantages and disadvantages of the different routes belongs too much to the realms of conjecture to admit of conclusive judgment. Mr. Cunliffe concludes with some most pertinent remarks on the plan which Lord Roberts usually adopted of manœuvring the enemy out of his position rather than fighting him, a course more largely adopted during the period which succeeded the close of this volume. There can now be no question that Lord Roberts completely failed to realise the nature of the Boer resistance, and that his superficial pacification of some districts in the Free State directly laid the foundation of that guerrilla warfare which was carried on with more vigour there than in the Transvaal and right up to the very end of the war. Moreover when, during the celebrated general advance from Bloemfontein to Pretoria—possibly one of the greatest hoaxes in history—the Boers retired unscathed, this could contribute but little towards bringing matters to a crisis, though the temporary saving of life at the time was considered to be a redeeming feature. But in the end it is probable that life was needlessly sacrificed, and the war unduly prolonged, through the futile attempt to win decisive victories without heavy losses. As the German official war history most pertinently remarks—

"To sacrifice the life of the soldier in fight, when necessary, is the great law of war, to which every soldier and leader alike must with equal willingness submit."

THE EARLIEST EGYPTIANS.

"Les Débuts de l'Art en Égypte." By J. Capart. Brussels: Vromant et Cie. 1904.

THE excavations and discoveries made in Egypt during the last ten years have brought to light a new world. Hardly had Professor Erman declared that the era of Egyptian discovery was over when an Egypt was revealed to us of which the Egyptologist had not even dreamed. The earlier dynasties which had been relegated to the realm of myth or fiction were shown to be soberly historical, and the long ages which passed before them and led up to their civilisation and art can now be studied in as much detail as the later ages of Egyptian history. It is difficult for those who have not followed the recent progress of Egyptian research to realise how active excavation has been or the extent to which the so-called prehistoric period of Egypt has been recovered.

Accounts of individual excavations and papers or monographs on points connected with them are numerous, but there was no work by a competent authority which dealt with the results as a whole. The want was a real one, and was felt as much by the general reader as by the specialist.

M. Capart's book is the first attempt that has been made to supply it, at all events on the artistic side, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is a complete success. It is, in fact, as thorough an account as is possible of all that is now known in regard to the beginnings and development of primitive Egyptian art and culture, which has been brought together and lucidly arranged with a masterly hand. The author is

an archæologist as well as an Egyptologist, and he has spared no pains to make his "*Débuts de l'Art en Égypte*" perfect. The illustrations, mostly from photographs, are profuse, and there are copious indices. The book will be found as interesting by the ordinary reader as it is indispensable to the student of Egyptian history and archæology.

M. Capart begins with a definition of art which is sufficiently wide to cover all the objects of human industry that the exploration of the prehistoric or pre-dynastic remains of ancient Egypt has brought to light. Then chapter by chapter we are taken through the several departments of culture and social life which they illustrate and imply. Ornaments for the person, the decorated pottery, the furniture of the house, the attempts at sculpture and painting, all alike are passed in review. Not only is a general picture presented to us of the civilisation of the early inhabitants of Egypt and the successive stages of its progress, but in many cases the details of it are filled in. The blank wall, which hardly more than half a dozen years ago shut off the fourth dynasty from the lost ages which preceded it, has been pierced and torn away. We now know almost as much about the daily life of the Egyptians who lived before Menes or Cheops as we do about that of the contemporaries of a Ramses. Even the mystery that surrounded the origin of the finished art and civilisation of dynastic Egypt has partially disappeared. It must be confessed, however, that it is not wholly cleared away. We rise from reading M. Capart's book with a feeling that, though in many points the art and beliefs of historical Egypt were but a development of those of prehistoric Egypt, the distinctive characteristics of the monumental civilisation of the Pharaohs had nevertheless nothing analogous to them in the remains of an earlier date. Between pre-dynastic and dynastic Egypt there is a break which after all is very incompletely bridged over by such points of contact as can be shown to have existed between them. The earliest dynastic monuments, for instance, testify to the existence of a fully-formed system of hieroglyphic writing: in prehistoric Egypt there is no trace of anything of the sort. It is equally impossible to connect the earliest known art of dynastic Egypt, as found on the palettes and mace-heads of Hierakonpolis or Abydos, with that of the primitive population; between the two there is a difference of spirit and design which no amount of coincidences in minor details can harmonise. Even in the pottery there is a change, and though a few copper tools have been found in graves of the later Neolithic period, while the use of stone implements lingered on into the historical epoch, the general fact remains that prehistoric Egypt continued to be Neolithic to the end, whereas historical Egypt is from the first acquainted with the use of metals.

It is, in fact, becoming increasingly evident that the prehistoric population of Egypt and the followers of the Pharaohs—"the followers of Horus" as native tradition called them—belonged to different races. M. Capart agrees with Professor Flinders Petrie and others in believing that the main bulk at any rate of the prehistoric population was of Libyan origin. However this may be, the Pharaonic conquerors must have come from Asia, and the fact that they brought with them the use of the Babylonian seal-cylinder and of clay as a writing material points to Babylonia as their primæval home. That they came more immediately from the southern coasts of Arabia seems to be indicated by Schweinfurth's observation that the sacred trees of later Egyptian religion, which are exotic in Egypt itself, are native to southern Arabia, and, as M. Capart notices, following von Bissing, an examination of the hieroglyphic signs makes it clear that the hieroglyphic script took its final shape in the valley of the Nile, and that consequently the employers of it must have been Africanised before establishing their kingdoms in Upper Egypt. Here they imposed their rule upon the older population, advancing slowly northwards, as their own traditions averred, and reducing the subject race or races to a sort of serfdom. Little by little the conquered people adopted the culture of their conquerors and became more and more assimilated to them, while the aboriginal art and beliefs of the country naturally passed over to

the service of the dominant caste. The inhabitants of Egypt ceased to be pastoral and became agricultural; great engineering works were undertaken, marshes were drained, and jungle cleared away; the Nile was carefully trained, and the fields won from the inundation were intersected by canals. Long before Menes united the kingdoms of the south and north Egypt must already have presented much the same appearance as it wears to-day.

NOVELS.

"A Daughter of Jael." By Lady Ridley. London: Longmans. 1904. 6s.

Lady Ridley is delightfully unexpected. She is immensely clever at just avoiding the obvious and commonplace. The plot of her story presents any number of pitfalls into which a less experienced writer would have assuredly fallen. Can murder ever be justifiable? is the question which her story suggests. She answers it with true feminine casuistry. That is to say she does not answer it decidedly one way or the other. But she tells the story of a woman who after, from the best of motives, committing a deliberate and cold-blooded murder, lives on the whole a contented and happy life with only occasional qualms of conscience to trouble her. With cunning ingenuity Lady Ridley enlists our sympathies for her heroine at the outset. Frances Carey and her brother Harry are orphans—pensioners on the bounty of their grandfather, an old bed-ridden miserly tyrant. To save her brother from a wrecked career Frances chloroforms the old man. The result of the murder seems in every way to justify Frances. Her brother embarks upon a distinguished career and marries happily. Finally Frances herself meets a man whom she loves and who loves her. Her scruples are awakened and she is twice on the point of confessing her crime to her lover, but she resists the temptation and in the end marries and lives happily with her husband. Told thus in bald outline, the story may seem unconvincing enough, but it is in her method of treatment that Lady Ridley's distinction lies. She has a strong sense of the dramatic and her situations almost always ring true. It is in fact in depicting the dramatic elements rather than in character-drawing that her power lies. The style of the book is distinctly uneven and the author has no very clear idea of construction or technique. But we can forgive much to one who brings so much freshness and originality to her work.

"Wasted Fires: a Romance of Australia and England." By Hume Nisbet. London: Greening. 1904. 6s.

With this story Mr. Nisbet sends out an "Explanatory" pamphlet showing how "Wasted Fires" was published in August 1902 and withdrawn from circulation because it bore no indication, as it should have done, of having been issued a dozen years earlier under the title of "Ashes". We find the pamphlet more interesting than the book. The romance is concerned with the fortunes of one Dick Davelock, an artist and writer; we are shown how he was treated by the folk for whom he worked—picture-dealers, art editors and others—and an unlovely lot they mostly are. He is commissioned to prepare an important work on Australia and has some bitter experiences as a result thereof. Then he gets into sore straits—thanks chiefly to man's inhumanity to man—and is at the very lowest ebb in sorrow over the death of a daughter, in trouble over debt, when he receives a lawyer's intimation that he has succeeded to a huge fortune and—for certainly in story-books it never rains without pouring—the same post brings him an order for a magazine article, a request that he shall write and illustrate a book and an intimation that his picture at an exhibition had been sold. "Oh! sublime mockery of success!" It is all very lurid and not very convincing. On the title-page Mr. Nisbet informs us that the story has been "carefully written"—well, there must be widely differing views on carefulness, for his opening sentence is incorrect, and is by no means singular in that respect.

"The Dark Ship." By Vincent Brown. London: Duckworth. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Brown seems to us to have attempted in his second novel a task far beyond his powers. His central figure is a successful novelist who has grieved his unworldly relations by producing books which they disapprove and cultivating habits which they suspect. Incidentally, he is a cad of a most offensive type. He finds himself linked by a boy-and-girl engagement to an ingénue of unprecedented insipidity. He is at the same time to some extent in love with a married woman—the only character in the book that is well drawn—so well in fact that she does much to redeem the amateurishness of the story. The man of letters thinks that it would be very good for the slight amount of soul he has retained to marry the ingénue, who for her part will not break a solemn engagement. Unfortunately a robust youth interferes considerably with his sentimental designs in the case of maid and matron successively. But for an opportune curate we really do not know what Mr. Brown could have done with his ingénue. The book shows a conscientious attempt to study several unusual types of character, but the whole design is shrouded in unreality, and the touches of symbolism avail only to give it a somewhat unintelligible title.

"The Prisoner of Mademoiselle: a Love Story." By Charles G. D. Roberts. London: Constable. 1904. 6s.

This story is little more than an episode, but it is an interesting episode pleasantly related. A British privateer from Boston makes a descent on the French colony of Acadia some hundred and fifty years ago: an officer separated from his companions, wandering in the woods, chances upon the romantic niece of the French Governor. Single-handed the lady outwits him and forces him to surrender. Unfortunately her uncle had vowed to hang as pirates any English filibusters whom he could find, and the chance discovery of the prisoner in a log-hut wherein Mademoiselle had interned him promises a tragic ending to the comedy. The lady's honour is engaged to save her prisoner, and when we add that she is herself under orders to marry a man whom she detests, we need reveal no more of the plot. Mr. Roberts' intimate knowledge of woodcraft provides an attractive setting to the fantasy: the book for all its slightness has a peculiar charm.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Hakluyt's Voyages." Vols. IX. X. and XI. Glasgow: MacLehose. 1904. 12s.

These volumes complete the edition, a work carried through boldly and without stint. It deserves all the success which it has had—not a little, we believe. There is no denying that Hakluyt like almost every other travel book of the period contains a good deal of uninviting matter: it is absolutely necessary that one should bring a certain amount of imagination to bear on the dry bones if they are to live: and even these three volumes, though they hold sea stories of savour indeed, are no exception to the rule. The last volumes might almost be described as the Drake and Hawkins volumes, as the travels and exploits of these grand Englishmen transcend all the others in interest. There is nothing in Hakluyt, save the deathless story of Willoughby and his death in the white

(Continued on page 804.)

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North that touches them in human passion. We touched on these episodes in an article on the opening volume of this edition. The illustrations are very attractive. They include portraits of Sir Christopher Hatton, Drake, Raleigh and Hawkins. Among the odds and ends of the eleventh volume of Hakluyt is a letter of Elizabeth to the Emperor of China, commending to his favourable notice and protection some adventurous merchants. It is sadly long-winded after the fashion—how different from one or two of the Queen's speeches, such as that to the army at Tilbury—"I've the stomach of a man, and a good man too"! Finally comes an account of "the mighty kingdom of Corea". It sounds topical, but a little of it goes a long way. One of the illustrations in this volume is Drake's drum which now hangs in the hall at Buckland Abbey. It bears the arms of Drake and the last salute was probably beaten on it as his body was committed to the deep.

"The Canterbury Pilgrimages." By H. Snowden Ward. London: Black. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Ward claims that the interest of this book centres round two tragedies, "the fall of Thomas the Archbishop and the fall of the worship of Thomas the Martyr". He is too modest: it embraces others; the violation of our mother tongue and the fall of the worship of Stubbs the historian. Everyone knows the Pilgrims' Way is celebrated for its tales and plant-growth, and Ophelia returning from the cathedral city offers this flower of speech: "Either demonstration requires forced special pleading and probably no just estimate of his character can be formed without full realisation of his loyalty to the master rather than to any abstract cause." "There's a daisy", acquires a sinister significance alongside Mr. Ward's recommendation to take as guide one whose verse breathes of "daisies and open air". Chops and tomato sauce damned Mr. Pickwick: can Chaucer have played pander? Let Serjeant Buzfuz answer. Through the atmosphere of pilgrim surroundings Mr. Ward has seen the Courts of Exchequer, Chancery, and Common Pleas taking "definite departments of legal work" at the bidding of the second Henry—and "that's for thoughts". Loitering through the Kentish fields, he has read 1 Corinth. chap. vi., and the old theory that the bishop sat in the Shiremoot and the Conqueror turned him out, comes toppling down, and "that's for remembrance". Resting by the wayside, he has beheld a vision of King Henry confronted by a great host of "choristers, parish clerks, monks and friars as well as the Regular clergy", and the belief that Dominicans arrived in 1219, Franciscans five years later, is now upset, so "there's rue, for you". We cannot stop to ask who the Regular clergy could have been, for we are dying to go for that modern Boxley "Soteltie", Stubbs' Constitutional History. Mr. Ward tries to tempt us further in his wanderings by a promise to introduce Chaucer "to help us see how indifferent to incidents are nature and human nature". This is unnecessary, since for that purpose no one could wish for a better guide than himself and—we remember Ophelia.

City of Liverpool Education Committee: "Report on Secondary Education in Liverpool." By Michael E. Sadler. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1904.

The Education Act of 1902 made secondary education a branch of local administration. In many cases the new authorities have acted very wisely by commissioning some expert to furnish them with a detailed statement of the existing supply of schools and to suggest how they may be increased and rendered more efficient. One of the most important of these reports has just been presented by Professor Sadler to the Liverpool Education Committee. It is an extremely able and thorough piece of work and should prove valuable not merely to the educational authorities in Liverpool but also to those in other large cities aux prises with similar problems. At first sight secondary education in Liverpool appears to be in rather a bad way. Taking the proper norm for secondary education to be 7 per thousand of the population for boys, and 5 per thousand for girls, Liverpool, even if its private schools are reckoned in, has only 4.14 boys per thousand and 3.7 girls per thousand enjoying a secondary education. Were Liverpool as well provided with secondary scholars as Birmingham, it ought to have 8,602 instead of 5,621. On the other hand there is scarcely a town in the kingdom whose schools owe so much to the public-spirited action of private individuals. Practically all its principal boys' schools were founded or re-founded within a few years of one another in the late Thirties or early Forties. Its recent munificence towards its University is well known. Well therefore may Professor Sadler, relying on the past record of private and public generosity, be sanguine that once the deficiency in secondary education is realised by the city fathers and the citizens in general, a strong effort is sure to be forthcoming to make up the present leeway. It is doubtless to strengthen the hands of the friends of education that he has devoted a special chapter to the secondary education of boys in a great commercial city. It is an eloquent plea to the merchant and business man and, like all Professor Sadler writes, teeming with many-sided wisdom. We note that the

education he considers requisite for such pupils is to be humanistic rather than scientific. As he truly says commercial relations at bottom are human relations. Professor Sadler evidently does not regard an extra dose of book-keeping and shorthand as a panacea for fiscal decadence.

"The Story of Exploration: No. III. Further India." By Hugh Clifford. London: Lawrence and Bullen. 1904. 7s. 6d.

Further India for the purposes of this volume includes Burma, Siam, Malaya and the various states of French Indo-China together with some portions of Chinese territory. These countries seem to be here grouped together not so much from any identity of an ethnological, historical or even geographical nature as because they come within the knowledge and observation of the author whose studies have covered them all. There is necessarily a want of continuity in the narrative which takes up in turn the history of each successive group of travellers in each of the countries concerned, from those half-mythical geographers whose record rests on tradition down to the explorers of our own day. Such a work is naturally full of picturesque episodes—notably in the exploits of the adventurers of the sixteenth century for whom Vasco da Gama opened the way. The excesses of these "filibusters", especially the Portuguese, who approached their work "in a spirit of frank brigandage", and the terrors of the Inquisition which followed in their train created that hatred and mistrust of all Western foreigners which still characterise the people of the Further East. Among the matters which seize the interest of the reader is Mr. Clifford's description of the wonderful Khmer Empire in Cambodia of Hindu origin, which rose and perished without a history, leaving only stupendous ruins, to testify its greatness. In India itself are evidences of a like civilisation which reached a high point before it was overwhelmed by some back wave of barbarism. Mr. Clifford's work displays research as well as observation; it is conceived and written in a spirit of fairness towards the various persons and nationalities concerned, and dealing with a neglected section of geography it fills a place of permanent usefulness as a book of reference.

"Lawn Tennis." By J. Parmly Paret. American Sportsman Library. London: Macmillan. 1904. 8s. 6d. net.

Lacrosse is described in this book as well as lawn tennis, and certainly neither game was worth a book to itself. The comparison of English and American styles is suggestive; and it is a little surprising to find Mr. Paret preferring the English "drive". The photographs are admirable; and one is glad to see Pym, perhaps the best of all players, given his due.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Frost and Reed of Bristol, a print of Miss Kemp Welch's picture, "Ploughing on the South Coast", which was in the Academy last year. The cart-horses lose less than the rest of the picture from reproduction. The engraving is by Herbert Sedcole.

For this Week's Books see page 806.

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(Continued on page 808.)

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WELGEDACHT EXPLORATION COMPANY, LIMITED.

THIRD DIRECTORS' REPORT.

For the Year ending 30th June, 1904, laid before Shareholders at their General Meeting, held on 15th November, 1904.

To the Shareholders:

Herewith we hand you our report for the year ending 30th June, 1904.

CAPITAL OF THE COMPANY.—This remains as it was when we last addressed you, viz. £95,000, in 95,000 shares of £1 each.

We have had proposals put forward during the year having for their object the increase of the Company's capital; but your directors, having given due consideration to these proposals, decided that the times were not then auspicious for such issue. In the coming year such proposals may be again before us, and we may say we are quite prepared to agree to an increase of capital by the creation of new shares and their issue at a substantial premium.

PROPERTY.—Your freehold property remains as it was last year, and consists of the farm Welgedacht, on the Eastern Rand. Thereon, in anticipation of its proclamation under the Gold Law, we have, as previously reported to you, secured under mynpatches, &c., an area equal to some 1,240 claims, titles to which are in good order.

INVESTMENTS.—Your interest in the New Rand Exploration Company, Limited, remains as at date of last report. During the year certain sums have been advanced to that Company to enable them to continue the prospecting work on their farms, the results of which prospecting, however, we are sorry to say, have not apparently directly benefited the Company, inasmuch as the boring results obtained by the Company on their own farms are very disappointing. Yet the results referred to, taking them in conjunction with the results of boring on Welgedacht, have proved to our engineers that, instead of the Main Reef passing through the New Rand Company's farms, it turns abruptly south-eastwards, and gives your freehold farm Welgedacht the dip of the Main Reef from all three directions—west, north, and east—instead of, as was expected, from the west only, thus encircling the farm as in a basin, and, so far as our engineers can judge, not only prove the whole farm to contain the reef, but to contain the reef at quite a workable depth, and possibly at a lesser depth on its eastern boundary than on the western boundary—the western boundary being the nearest point to the present working mines. It will thus be seen that our large expenditure under this head has been in many ways money well spent because of the information gained therefrom.

The New Rand Company still possesses some assets which may turn out to be of value, and in which we, of course, would participate.

During the year we have taken an interest on your behalf in another exploration company, called the New South Rand, Limited. Your interest amounts to 19,213 shares, a portion of which is working capital shares, which are only partly paid up. This is a Company formed to exploit, firstly, by means of drilling, several farms directly south of Johannesburg and north of Heidelberg, with a view to locating the Main Reef Series thereon at a practical working depth. From our general experience in deep drilling on the East Rand, and from opinions expressed by our own and other engineers regarding the New South Rand Company's future, we believe that the Company is a good exploring risk. If successful in finding a payable reef at a workable depth, your interest in the Company will be worth a large sum of money.

WORK FOR THE YEAR.—Outside of the drilling work on the New Rand Company's farms—in which you are so much interested, and to which we have already referred—we have completed two boreholes on the farm Welgedacht, referred to in our last year's report, thus making five boreholes on the farm. The result from these further two boreholes, combined with our previous knowledge, and the knowledge which we have gained from the drilling operations of the New Rand Exploration Company, Limited, and other companies and firms, has decided our engineers in their opinion as to the approximate depths and angles of the reef on and in the neighbourhood of the farm Welgedacht.

In our last report we stated that our engineers were making all necessary plans for starting of shaft-sinking. This they have done, but no actual shaft-sinking work has been undertaken on your ground, owing to several sufficient causes, such as the deciding upon the sites of the shafts. This was dependent upon drilling results, not only on our own farm, but upon results in the neighbourhood as well, owing to the unexpected sudden turn of the reef series referred to in another part of this report. These results only came to our knowledge gradually, and were so unlooked for, yet so important to us, that we had to very carefully consider them. Then, again, had we even been ready to start shaft-sinking during the year, we could not have done so owing to—first the scarcity of suitable native labour, but the absolute want of it, which means that, quite apart from the uncertainty as to the best sites for the shafts, had we been ready to proceed with the shaft-sinking, we would have been quite unable to undertake the work for this reason alone.

We believe that the delay for several reasons has been in the best interests of the Company, and we give as one reason the serious question as to whether it is possible and advisable that we should not try to alter the situation of your mynpatches on the farm owing to the curve of the reef referred to, and this is a matter that is receiving our best attention.

In the accounts you will see an item of £1,057 7s. 9d under the heading of brickmaking. This is an expenditure for the making of bricks for workmen's quarters and machinery houses, as and when these shall be rendered necessary by shaft-sinking.

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.—The Articles of Association of the Company were very crude to begin with, and they have been altered and added to so often that we think it would be advisable, and more in keeping with the growing importance of your Company, if fresh and up-to-date Articles of Association were adopted. We are, therefore, calling a meeting, to be held immediately after this meeting, to adopt quite new and, we think, suitable articles.

GENERAL.—Generally speaking, the position of the Company to-day, with regard to the farm Welgedacht, is that we are waiting the decision of the mining authorities on the question of whether they would allow us to alter the sites of our mynpatches, &c., should our engineers consider such alteration advisable. Every day brings us further information as to the depth and trend of the reef, yet, if we were allowed and decide to shift our mynpatches, still another borehole may be necessary on our farm, which would mean further delay in starting shaft-sinking. On the other hand, if we decide to keep the mynpatches as they are, we will very shortly start upon the work of shaft-sinking, for which all plans and preliminary arrangements have been made.

Though your investment in the New Rand Exploration Company, Limited, appears at first sight to be rather an injudicious one, yet we think, on close examination of the knowledge obtained through that Company's efforts, you will agree that the money was well invested, and has proved of much value to us.

We hope that our investment in the New South Rand, Limited, will prove to be a good one. This Company is formed to exploit an idea that has been long existent in many local engineering minds, to the effect that our Main Reef series of reefs may exist at workable depths quite a long way from what we now term the outcrop. We think that the Company has a good prospect of success, in which case the interest would be of much value. It is an investment in the nature of an exploration investment, and must be looked upon as such. To fully explain the nature of the theory which the New South Rand, Limited, is exploiting we attach engineers' reports and maps, a perusal of which will explain its great possibilities.

W. McCALLUM, Chairman,
DAVID R. WARDROP,
W. E. HUDSON, } Directors.

BALANCE SHEET, 30th June, 1904.

Dr.											
To Capital Account—											
Authorised Capital:						£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
125,000 shares of £1 each						125,000	0	0			
Less 30,000 shares of £1 each (in reserve)						30,000	0	0			
									95,000	0	0
Issued Capital:											
95,000 shares of £1 each.									95,000	0	0
Share Premium Account									170,000	0	0
Premium on shares issued.											
Income and Expenditure Account									1,690	2	6
Balance.											
Sundry Creditors									2,069	14	4
Rents prepaid									20	0	0
Contingent Liability											
Uncalled Capital on the New South Rand, Limited, Shares						1,500	0	0			
									£268,769	15	10
Cr.						£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Property									89,619	10	10
Freehold farm "Welgedacht," No. 345, in extent 2,585'06 morgen.											
Expenditure on "Welgedacht"									48,539	3	4
Boreholes Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5						40,493	5	6			
Brickmaking						1,057	7	9			
Shaft sinking, preliminary expenses						400	13	0			
Buildings						400	0	0			
Machinery and plant, &c.						244	17	1			
Live stock, vehicles, and harness						15	0	0			
Mynpatch rent prepaid									261	6	8
Insurance prepaid									1	10	0
Investments									37,722	8	7
Interest in New Rand Exploration Company, Ltd., viz. 83,498 shares, fully paid						36,477	16	9			
Interest in the New South Rand, Ltd., including subscription for 2,000 shares of £1 each, on which ss. has been paid up						1,244	11	10			
Sundry debtors									206	1	12
Cash and loans									98,408	14	6
Loans, London						39,639	2	3			
Loan, plus interest, to the New Rand Exploration Company, Limited						19,683	1	7			
Union Bank of London and Smiths Bank, London, deposit account						15,000	0	0			
Ditto, current account						3,387	6	1			
Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, Johannesburg, current account						135	19	6			
National Bank of South Africa, Limited, Springs						102	1	7			
Cash on hand at "Welgedacht"									4	6	
									£268,769	15	10

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT for Year ending 30th June, 1904.

Dr.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Administration Expenses—								
Johannesburg and London—Directors' Fees, Management, Secretarial Fees, Advertising, Mynpatch Rents, Auditors' Fees, Legal Expenses, Stationery, &c.					3,127	19	7	
Income Tax (London)					842	17	2	
Depreciation					345	3	0	
Written off Machinery and Plant and Vehicles and Harness.								
Balance					1,690	2	6	
					£5,407	1	5	
Cr.								
By Balance, 30th June, 1903					306	6	8	
Interest					4,557	17	7	
Net Revenue, London and Johannesburg								
General Rents					215	0	0	
Rents received from Tenants on "Welgedacht."								
Income Tax (London)					327	17	6	
Recovered on Assessment for year ending 5th April, 1903.								
					£5,407	1	5	

(Signed) WM. McCALLUM, Chairman.
DAVID R. WARDROP,
W. E. HUDSON, } Directors.
Welgedacht Exploration Company, Limited.
For the London and South African Agency, Limited, Secretaries.
(Signed) F. E. NELLIST.

We have examined the books, accounts, and vouchers of the Welgedacht Exploration Company, Limited, kept in Johannesburg, together with the audited accounts received from the London office, and certify that in our opinion the above balance sheet is a full and fair balance sheet, and properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the Company's affairs at 30th June, 1904.

(Signed) THOS. DOUGLAS, Chartered Accountant, } Auditors.
ERNEST HAINES, Incorporated Accountant, }
Johannesburg, 17th August, 1904.

At a subsequent Extraordinary General Meeting, the Chairman having explained that the present Articles of Association of the Company were quite out of date, and that it was necessary to adopt entirely new Articles of Association for the better transacting of the Company's business, the following resolutions were then put to the Meeting, and carried unanimously:—

- It was proposed by the Chairman, and seconded by Mr. D. F. Robertson:—"That with the exception of Clauses 1, 2, 4 and 5 of the Articles of Association of the Company, together with any amendments thereof, which may have been thereto effected by the Supplementary Articles of the 27th February, 1902, of the 8th July, 1902, and of the 29th September, 1903, shall be cancelled." Carried.
- It was proposed by the Chairman, and seconded by Mr. R. O. G. Lys, and carried:—"That the Clauses 1, 2, 4 and 5, above excepted, shall be re-numbered 2, 4, 5 and 6 respectively."
- It was proposed by Mr. D. R. Wardrop, and seconded by Mr. E. Wenz, and carried:—"That in lieu of the cancelled clauses there be substituted the clauses submitted to this Meeting, which clauses, together with those above referred to, shall henceforth constitute the Articles of Association of the Company."
- It was proposed by Mr. R. O. G. Lys, and seconded by Mr. Davis, and carried:—"That the Chairman of this Meeting, or other the Chairman of the Company for the time being, be and he is hereby authorised by and on behalf of the Shareholders to sign, execute, and to initial the said Articles of Association and any Supplementary Trust Deeds, Declarations, or other writings, and to take all ways and means requisite for registering and giving full effect to the same, as may be found necessary."

These resolutions provide the Company with entirely new Articles of Association. This concluded the business of the Meeting.

THE LONDON LIFE

ASSOCIATION LIMITED.

81, King William Street, London, E.C.

Established 1806.

Funds in hand, £4,675,000.

Directors.

FRANCIS HENRY BEAUMONT, Esq., President.
GEORGE BAKER, Esq.
EDMUND BOULNOIS, Esq., M.P.
WILLIAM EVILL, Esq.
GEORGE HANBURY, Esq.

CHARLES CHURCHILL, Esq., Vice-President.
JOHN BENJAMIN CHARLES HEATH, Esq.
JAMES EWING MATHIESON, Esq.
JOHN ASHLEY MULLENS, Esq., Jr.

GEORGE FREDERICK POLLOCK, Esq.
STEPHEN WILLIAM SILVER, Esq.
CHARLES JOHN STEWART, Esq.

Actuary and Secretary.—CHARLES D. HIGHAM, F.I.A.

MINIMUM PREMIUMS.

ASSURANCE AT DEATH.

Nearest Age (not Age next Birthday).	Annual Premium per cent.
18	1 9 0
19	1 9 8
20	1 10 4
21	1 11 0
22	1 11 8
23	1 12 6
24	1 13 4
25	1 14 2
26	1 15 0
27	1 16 0
28	1 17 0
29	1 18 0
30	1 19 0
31	2 0 2
32	2 1 4
33	2 2 6
34	2 3 10
35	2 5 2
36	2 6 6
37	2 8 0
38	2 9 8
39	2 11 4
40	2 13 0
41	2 14 10
42	2 16 8
43	2 18 8
44	3 0 10
45	3 3 0
46	3 5 4
47	3 7 10
48	3 10 6
49	3 13 2
50	3 16 0
51	3 19 0
52	4 2 2
53	4 5 6
54	4 9 2
55	4 13 0
56	4 17 0
57	5 1 2
58	5 5 8
59	5 10 4
60	5 15 4
61	6 0 8
62	6 6 2
63	6 12 0
64	6 18 2
65	7 4 8
66	7 11 8
67	7 19 0

The London Life Association Limited is not a company trading for profit, but a society of persons mutually assuring each others' lives at the lowest possible cost. It has no shareholders to provide for, no branch offices to keep up, and it never employs travellers or pays commission to agents or solicitors to get new business. The expenses of management are thus reduced to a minimum, the ratio to income being less than that of any other office—in fact, less than that of most for commission alone.

The Association's system of charging a full premium for seven years and then allowing large reductions during the rest of life is well known, but there are those to whom the higher early premiums are inconvenient, even when the office lends one-half of each at 4 per cent. The Directors, therefore, knowing that the Association can rightly be content with smaller payments than are necessary elsewhere, have introduced tables of "MINIMUM PREMIUMS" which, although they are lower than the non-profit rates of most companies, will yet be subject to some reduction as life is prolonged. These premiums can be made applicable to assurances receivable at a fixed age or previous death, and for children as well as those who are of age; the policies are free for the whole world; a surrender value of at least one-quarter of the premiums paid, even of the first alone, is guaranteed; and all claims are receivable immediately on proof of death and title.

It is impossible to set forth here the details of this novelty, but they are to be found in a prospectus which may be obtained on application by post or otherwise, for there is not the least difficulty in effecting assurances without the intervention of any middleman.

**"Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent."**

(*"Much Ado about Nothing," Act II., Scene I.*)

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE, at the Office, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 24 December, 1904.